

# Sports Illustrated

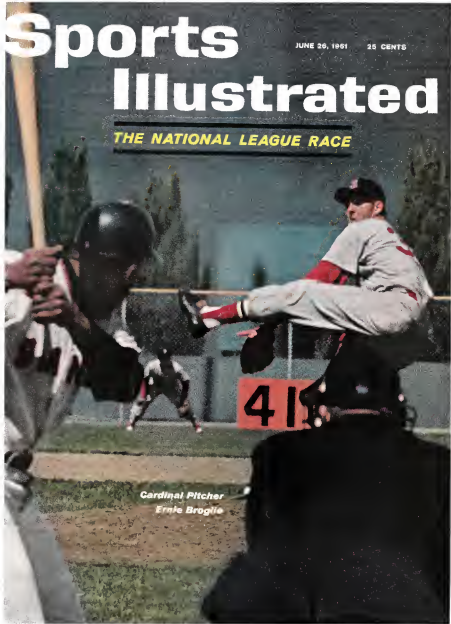
JUNE 26, 1961

25 CENTS

**THE NATIONAL LEAGUE RACE**

41

*Cardinal Pitcher  
Ernie Broglio*



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old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



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Cover photograph by My Pedron

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## Next week

Perry Don Hoak is having his best year, but the Pirates are not the same "Beat 'Em Bucs" who won last year. Walter Bingham analyzes Hoak's success and Pittsburgh's troubles.

Dolly Connolly makes a delightful excursion into the past and describes the old-fashioned Fourth when it was still the Glorious Fourth, complete with flags and loud fireworks.

The cameras of Coles Phenix and Jerry Cooke record the swirling action and the soft beauty that exist in the underwater world of the competitive swimmer—nine pages in color.



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## THOROUGHBRED RACING

Major stakes through July 4

### JUNE 22

Milady Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 mile, Hollywood Park, Calif.

### JUNE 23

Georgetown Steeplechase Handicap, \$10,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2½ miles, Delaware Park, Del.

### JUNE 24

Coaching Club American Oaks, \$100,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 1¼ miles, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Cinema Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Michigan Mile, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

Laurance Armour Memorial, \$30,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ miles, Arlington Park, Ill.

Christiana Stakes, \$20,000 added, 2-year-old colts and geldings, 5½ furlongs, Delaware Park, Del.

Lamplighter Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Omaha Handicap, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

Constitution Stakes, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Suffolk Downs, Mass.

King Edward Gold Cup, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼-mile turf, Woodbine, Ont.

Woodstock Stakes, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds, 6 furlongs, Woodbine, Ont.

McWhirter Handicap, \$5,000 purse, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ miles, Randall Park, Ohio.

### JUNE 25

Governor's Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6¼ furlongs, Longacres, Wash.

### JUNE 26

National Stallion Stakes, \$15,000 added, 2-year-old colts and geldings, 5½ furlongs, Belmont Park, N.Y.

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# JUNE 27

Cortez Handicap, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Maturity Stakes, \$5,000 added, 4-year-olds, 1 mile and 70 yards, Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

# JUNE 28

Massachusetts Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Suffolk Downs, Mass.

Hempstead Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/2 miles, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Colleen Stakes, \$20,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 5 1/2 furlongs, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Juvenile Stakes, \$7,500 added, 2-year-olds, 5 furlongs, Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

# JUNE 29

Haggin Stakes, \$20,000 added, 2-year-old colts and geldings, 5 1/2 furlongs, Hollywood Park, Calif.

# JUNE 30

Spring Steeplechase, \$7,500 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2 1/4 miles, Delaware Park, Del.

# JULY 1

Vanity Handicap, \$35,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/2 miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Saranac Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 mile, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Rumson Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Sussex Turf Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4-mile turf, Delaware Park, Del.

Dominion Day Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/2 miles, Woodbine, Ont.

Arch Ward Memorial, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Arlington Park, Ill.

Mayflower Stakes, \$15,000 added, 2-year-olds, 5 1/2 furlongs, Suffolk Downs, Mass.

4-H Handicap, \$10,000 purse, 3-year-olds, 1 mile and 70 yards, Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

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Achievement Handicap, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds, 1 mile, Woodbine, Ont.

Dominion Day Handicap, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

Youngsters Handicap, \$5,000 purse, 2-year-olds, 5½ furlongs, Randall Park, Ohio.

**JULY 2**

Mary Broderick Memorial, \$5,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 5½ furlongs, Longacres, Wash.

**JULY 3**

Lassie Stakes, \$25,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 5½ furlongs, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Misty Isle Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 7 furlongs, Arlington Park, Ill.

Liberty Bell Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 6 furlongs, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Miss Woodford Stakes, \$20,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 6 furlongs, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Speed Handicap, \$7,500 purse, 3-year-olds and up, 5½ furlongs, Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

Southeastern Michigan Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 6 furlongs, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

**JULY 4**

Suburban Handicap, \$100,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

American Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Stars and Stripes Handicap, \$30,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼-mile turf, Arlington Park, Ill.

Longfellow Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile turf, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Dover Stakes, \$20,000 added, 2-year-olds, 3½ furlongs, Delaware Park, Del.

Ak-Sar-Ben Handicap, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ miles, Ak-Sar-Ben, Neb.

National Holiday Handicap, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

Chagrin Valley Turf Handicap, \$6,000 purse, 4-year-olds and up, 1¼-mile turf, Randall Park, Ohio. **END**



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## Fiancée of Danger *(continued)*

accomplished boxer, fencer, trapeze artist, jujitsu expert. She competed against an army division in rifle marksmanship and won. She is a competent surgeon. She speaks five languages. She was the first woman to cross the Sahara by car (1935). She was a sponge diver off the coast of Tripoli. She trekked 40 miles alone through the French Alps. She was a war correspondent during the Rif campaign in North Africa. She hunted seals in the Arctic (1908). She holds more than 30 medals, awards and ribbons for skiing, skating, bobsledding, swimming, flying and mountain climbing. She is the most decorated woman in France, a [lind of decorations.

In the bewildering panorama of Mademoiselle Marvingt's adventures it is difficult to find the nature and heart of the woman herself. Shy, she is known to most Frenchmen but to few Americans, although she has twice traveled all over the U.S. on extensive lecture tours (in 1935 and 1937).

She is prouder of her friends and of the famous men and women she has known and worked with than of her adventures. "Nothing I have done has been done solely for the thrill involved or for the publicity but for what it can teach me about nature, mankind and myself. When people ask me why I have done these things—undertaken these risks and challenges—I have to give them the same answer the mountain climber gave when someone asked him why he kept trying to climb Everest: 'Because it is there.' And that's why I became an adventurer, if you will—because there were things to be conquered, to be done."

The will to conquer was instilled in Marie early in life by her father, a postmaster, who taught her boxing, hunting, swimming, fishing and jujitsu. When Marie's mother died, the girl found herself, at 14 (in 1889), in charge of a household of four brothers and sisters whom she cared for while devouring books by explorers and scientists. When other girls her age were at home knitting, Marie was at the local railroad station, where she persuaded an engineer to let her ride in the cab of a steam locomotive so she could "see what made it go." Never able to decide on a single area of endeavor, Marie decided on all of them, and has been described by a friend as "a Jack-of-all-trades, and master of most."

Before the turn of the century Marie had driven a steam locomotive by her-

self and had won three major bicycle races. With the 20th century, with her own maturity and with the development of the airplane and the balloon, Marie Marvingt's star began to soar. Although fascinated by aeronautics, she still found time for another interest, mountain climbing, and scaled the Grepon peak in the French Alps. There is a statue of



**EAGLE-SPREAD** arms balance. Marvingt as she jumps on slope at Chamonix in 1903.

her in the Alps, celebrating her mountain-climbing feats.

In 1901 Mademoiselle Marvingt had her first ride in a balloon. Over the years her interest in and affection for balloon flight grew, and while she continued to amass awards in nearly every field of athletic endeavor, she knew in 1901 that "my greatest adventure, my biggest achievement will come in a balloon." She was right. At 11 a.m. on October 26, 1909 in Nancy, surrounded by a huge crowd, Mlle. Marvingt and an aeronaut named Emile Garnier stepped into the basket of a hydrogen-filled balloon. They disappeared through the clouds to begin the first attempt by a woman to cross the English Channel by balloon.

"The balloon held 900 cubic meters of hydrogen," she recalls. "It was called *The Shooting Star* and was the very last word in balloons. I'll never forget the trip as long as I live."

The Marvingt-Garnier balloon was virtually un navigable. When *The Shooting*

Star took off from Nancy a rope connected to the ground filled the gasbag and released pounds of precious hydrogen.

The balloon sailed north from Nancy at an altitude of 1,000 feet over the German border, past the Krupp factories at Essen, past dazzled schoolchildren and peasants. Because of the hydrogen lost at take-off, the balloon wouldn't rise higher than 1,200 feet. Near Essen the wind shifted suddenly and carried the craft northwest over Holland toward Amsterdam. "We were in the clouds most of the time," said Mademoiselle Marvingt, "but we thought after we reached Amsterdam that the most dangerous part of the trip was over. We knew we were losing altitude, but we knew that the Channel winds would sweep us over to England before nightfall."

The wind did carry the balloon off the Continent and over the Channel. But the temperature dropped to below freezing, and the basket began to rise and fall dangerously close to the waves. Before Marvingt and Garnier were five miles offshore they found themselves in the middle of a snowstorm.

Marie threw out the last of the ballast, but still the balloon wouldn't rise more than 100 feet above the waves, often dipping until the basket actually was in the water.

Night came, and the balloon continued hobbling into the choppy Channel. "My overcoat and wool stockings were no help," Marvingt said. "I was freezing. Besides that, we couldn't tell which way we were heading."

After battling the storm for five hours, the balloon suddenly lifted and rose through the clouds. Two miles distant Marie saw a light. It was the English coast. The balloon started to lose altitude and was headed toward the cliffs on the coast when an updraft caught it and lifted the pair over the top.

"It was still dark," Marie said. "We let out most of the hydrogen and put down in a pasture half a mile from the coast [near Southwold]. We barely had the energy to climb out of the basket. The next day we took a train to London, where we were treated as heroes."

The Channel crossing took 14 hours and was Marie Marvingt's most memorable exploit, but it wasn't her last. That same year she won a closed-circuit speed race for airplanes and a world bobbed championship (the first woman ever to do so). Fascinated by the humanitarian possibilities of aviation,

*continued*

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*The*  
**HOMESTEAD**  
HOTEL & RESORTS, VIRGINIA

she applied both her nursing skill and pilot's experience to designing an ambulance-plane, which during World War I carried a total of 7,000 wounded soldiers. But even air-nursing was too tame for her. Shortly after the declaration of war, she talked a general into letting her join the army and served six months in the front lines dressed as a man. About 1923 Mademoiselle Marvingt experimented with metal skis on the Sahara sands and founded a ski school for Moslems.

In addition to the dangers she has deliberately sought, Marie Marvingt has found others she wasn't looking for. In 1912 an excursion boat on which she was riding capsized, and she had to swim 12 hours before being rescued. When she was 60 she was attacked by two bandits but, utilizing her early boxing training, she managed to knock one out and send the other scurrying away with a broken nose.

Her life of adventure has left her no time for *la vie conjugale*. "I will always be simply *mademoiselle*," she confided to an interviewer last month. "I couldn't bear the ties of marriage, and I don't think any man would put up with me for long. I'm more interested in mountain climbing than in washing dishes."

At 86, the daring *mademoiselle* lives in an attractive apartment in Nancy, preparing her memoirs and receiving old friends. She is in superb physical condition, proud that she hasn't seen a dentist in years, has perfect hearing and can read without glasses. She sleeps four hours nightly, declines large meals ("bad for the liver"), prefers six or seven snacks daily.

"I eat like a mountaineer," Marie said. "A healthy diet for everyone should consist of tender red meat, plenty of chocolate and sugar and fruit." She eschews spicy food, boiled beef, bread ("It's badly made these days") and alcohol of any kind.

"When I die," she said, "the city is going to build a museum to hold my trophies. When I was ill many years ago they decided my time had come and that it would be nice to inform me of their plans to build a museum in my honor after I was gone. So every few days since then somebody has come to look in and see if Marvingt is still around, and if they can start work on the museum. This has been going on for a long time. They are starting to lose interest."

END

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 26, 1961



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# SCORECARD

## THE RIGHT TO PLAY

The International Golf Sponsors Association will meet in Milwaukee on July 18-19 to decide, among other things, whether professional golfers should be allowed to play abroad while tournaments are being conducted simultaneously in the United States. Recently, both Arnold Palmer and Gary Player, as members of the Professional Golfers' Association, were ordered to skip the Canada Cup because it conflicted with the Memphis Open. Fearing fines and suspensions by the PGA, neither Palmer nor Player competed.

A golfer with the ability and drawing power of Arnold Palmer is the finest type of emissary that America can send anywhere in sports. He is colorful, dramatic, well-mannered and exciting to watch under any set of circumstances. It is more important to America and to the game of golf to have him represent us in the Canada Cup, or the British or French Open, than to have him play in the Aunt Katherine's Root Beer Tourney or the Safe-bay Used Car Round Robin.

If the sponsors are wise, they will vote to take a little money out of a few promoters' fists and let the rest of the world see the best of what the U.S. has to offer in golf.

## RIDING HIGH

Archie Moore, the light heavyweight champion of the thinking men's states of New York, California and Massachusetts, appeared the other evening at the Village Gate, a jazz pad in New York's Greenwich Village. "I am here," said Mr. Moore, "on behalf of a new magazine which I have invested my money into. It is called *Jazz Day*, and I shall write the publisher's memo-letter-diary." As Moore spoke he snatched a roast beef on rye big enough for two and devoured it along with a pickle and a tumbler of water.

"At the formative stage of my career," he continued, "I wanted to be a trumpet player, and I used to sail up

and down the Missouri on river boats, listening to the great trumpet players of that day, the men with the iron lips. Of course, out of a feeling of general economics, I chose to get into boxing because there was more money in it. The new magazine [it will be out around Labor Day] will have musicians themselves writing stories."

Moore was asked if he thought musicians could write. "Now," he said, "musicians have the most literate minds of all people. All the world's great love letters were actually written by musicians, the love songs." Moore paused momentarily to eat a corned beef sandwich. "Remember that music is the great stimulator. Why is it that the Colonel *Boogie March* [*The Bridge on the River Kwai*—dum-dum, dum-dum-dum, dum-dum—picked up the weary men in War II and made them march 30 and 40 miles? In War I the music of John Philip Sousa helped the troops go to battle. Even myself, at this stage of my boxing career, needs things to pick me up in my training. I find that I need the happy music, and I get it in the jazz."

We left Moore at The Gate as he walked around shaking hands. The sight brought to mind a song, music by Lucky Thompson, words by Archie Moore. The title of the song is *Stay In There*, and the chorus goes like this:

*You gotta stay in there 'cause tomorrow  
is the day  
You gotta stay in there, then your cares  
will go away  
You gotta stay in there, now don't you  
ever stop  
You gotta stay in there if you wanta  
get to the top.*

## THE CRYSTAL BALL

Over the past two seasons in both the National and American leagues it has been necessary for teams to win an average of .617 of their one-run games and .656 of their extra-inning games to earn their way into the World Series.

The Dodgers won 33 of 55 one-run games (and the pennant) in 1959, then

were the worst in the league last season and could win only 20 of 47 such games (they finished fourth). This year they have won 15 of 20 one-runners and four of their six extra-inning games. Although the Pirates are currently playing bad baseball, they are still excellent in close games, having won nine, lost four one-run affairs. The worst team under pressure thus far is the St. Louis Cardinals, who have won only three of their 16 one-run games for a paltry winning percentage of .188.

In the American League the Kansas City Athletics, currently in seventh place, have won seven of 10 one-run games and four of five extra-inning games. Cleveland and Baltimore are playing at a .625 percentage (10 wins, six losses), while the New York Yankees have won only eight of 18 one-run games. Detroit has won but seven of 16 one-runners while losing four of five extra-inning games. The Los Angeles Angels have the worst American League figure, having lost 15 of 21 one-run games.

So it's the Dodgers and Athletics for the World Series.

## HOT DOGS IN THE ROUND

Is nothing sacred? The traditional long, tubular frankfurter embedded in a roll has been on the American sports and recreation menu at least since the turn of the century. Now, *Variety* reports, the American Kosher Provisions, Inc. has put out a round hot dog, to be eaten on a bagel, the whole concoction to be



called a "fragel." The manufacturer tried it out at Coney Island, where probably more hot dogs are consumed during a summer weekend than anywhere else in the world. We are glad to hear it laid a nice, round egg.

continued

We predict that the hot-dog-in-the-round will be shunned all the way from Candlestick Park to Suffolk Downs. However, after failing on the Boardwalk at Coney, American Kosher Provisions took its invention to fashionable Westbury, N.Y.; it plans a summer try-out at the Westbury Music Fair, where polo enthusiasts spend some of their evenings. American also is negotiating for the higher income bracket trade at Jones Beach, where, by charging a few cents more, it hopes to get status seekers who want to dissociate themselves from Coney Island's deeply devoted proletarian admirers of the straight and honest frank.

#### INSIDE TRACK

- There is strong reason to believe that the current basketball scandal will spread to college football. Some of the gamblers' "contact men" were football players themselves and are known to have considered fixing games. Hints from investigators in at least two states—North Carolina and New York—point to this development, possibly in the next few weeks. It would be extremely naive for anyone to suppose that the attempted fixes of college football games in Florida and Michigan last fall are the sum total of gamblers' efforts in this area.

- Ten different brands of golf balls were banned in last week's U.S. Open for failing to meet United States Golf Association standards. Some manufacturers,

trying to cash in on the nation's \$50 million golf ball business, have been putting out balls less than the required 1.68 inches in diameter and more than the specified weight of 1.62 ounces. Increasing the weight or reducing the size of the ball affects the distance it can be hit. Joe Dey, the executive director of USGA, says: "This has become a real problem in the last two years. The golf ball companies keep after us to loosen our specifications so that their balls will travel farther and farther."

- The disqualification of Our Hope in last Saturday's \$50,000 Whitney at New York's Belmont Park and the awarding of first place to 1960's Horse of the Year, Kelso, was only the fifth disqualification in a race worth \$50,000 or over since 1958. In that time nearly 400 such races have been run.

#### KOMSOLOLSKI TENNIS

A great many things the Communists used to denounce as bourgeois are now Soviet achievements or ambitions, and that goes for sports. Tennis for women is the latest athletic offensive. At Beckenham, England last week Anna Dmitrieva, 20, a Moscow University language student, beat the fifth-ranked American, Donna Floyd, 6-2, 6-0; and Dmitrieva and Valerie Titova, 27, a librarian in the Kiev Academy of Sciences, beat the American girls Nancy Richey and Sally Moore in doubles.

The Russians have gone after their victories with planning and method. In 1956 a party of Russian tennis players and officials showed up at Wimbledon

and took countless reels of film on Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, Shirley Fry and Althea Gibson. In Russia tennis players go through calisthenics, running and lightweight training four or five times a week, exercise designed to improve their reflexes and endurance on a tennis court. New courts have been built all over Russia, and the game grows more popular every year.

There are no grass courts in Russia, so the players arrived at Beckenham in time to snatch two days' practice on grass. Their coach, Sergei Andreev, six times his country's champion, and Vladimir Balva, a physical culture lecturer, are always alongside the court whenever their players are in action, taking voluminous notes and making films. In the evening they lecture their players on what went wrong during the day, using their crammed notebooks as texts. Their aim is to bury the West under a green lawn, and they have made a start.

#### PLAIN BEN DEPARTS

Benjamin Allyn Jones died the other day not far from Calumet Farm in Lexington, Ky. He was 78 and the finest trainer of Thoroughbred horses that America has ever produced. His name is on the records for having trained six Kentucky Derby winners, one Triple Crown winner and four Horses of the Year. Ben Jones was not the most beloved man ever to appear on or around the race track; but when a man keeps sending out horses to beat horses which other men have sent out, love is quickly lost along the way.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**BOB SANDLER**, 42, of Des Moines, Iowa, a longtime tennis champion despite the loss of his right arm at age 11, became the first American to win the British Society of One-Armed Golfers title, defeated A. S. Eggo of Scotland at Harlech, Wales.



**JANELL SMITH** of Freedom, Kans., set girls' AAU Junior Olympics record for intermediate with 17 feet 11 inch broad jump in meet at Lawrence, Kans., won 75-yard dash and 50-yard low hurdle, anchored winning 230-yard relay team.



**LLOYD CROW**, Army sergeant at Fort Benning, Ga., scored 226 of possible 250 points, won running-deer single-shot event (mechanical deer roll across a target area) in world shooting meet at Oslo, Norway, beat Russia's Vitalii Romanenko.



**NAN PADILLA** of Dallas, a 170-average bowler, rolled 10 consecutive strikes in posting a 288 game—highest sanctioned game for a woman in the history of the Dallas Bowling Association—said she missed 300 game because "I threw light."



**KENNETH SMITH**, 18, of Beverly, N.C., kept state archery title in family by taking it from father, O. S. Smithers, who had won title 12 times. Ken tied national record with 29 of 30 arrows in the gold at 60 yards to win championship.



**LARRY GRAYTON** of East Carolina College struck out 19 in beating Grambling (La.) College in the NAIA tournament at Sioux City, Iowa, later helped East Carolina beat Sacramento (Calif.) State for title, was voted Most Valuable Player.

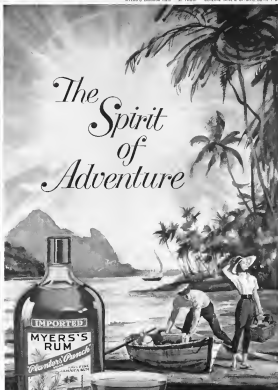


Records alone, though, hardly tell the full story of B. A. Jones. He was, for more than 50 years, an immense character among race track characters. The nicknames that followed him around tell quite a bit about him. Jones was known as Crying Ben because he was always trying to get the best deal for his horses from the handicappers, and the thought of one of his racers carrying 130 pounds brought tears to his eyes and a throb of indignation to his system. He was known as Plain Ben because he spoke seldom but, when he did, usually hit nails (or people) right on the head. Of course, when he wasn't hitting things on the head he was known as Lying Ben, for he often lied deliberately to mislead his opponents. He was also known as White-Hat Ben because he almost always wore white hats, probably on the theory that, if a man has to wear a hat at all, a white one is as noncommittal as any. He was, in his youth, a heavy bettor and a good barroom brawler.

Ben Jones, withal, was a man of color, dignity, ability and wit. He had his own theories on race horses, and they worked well. One of his theories was, "If a horse is no good, sell him for a dog. Then shoot the dog."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Nate Dolin, a vice-president of the Cleveland Indians, trying to find a happy note in the sagging attendance (down more than 100,000 from 1960) at Indian home games at Municipal Stadium: "Children's sales are 2% higher than they have ever been."
- John Bridgers, Baylor University football coach: "We're a Baptist school, and in football we strive for the same spirit as the three Baptists who were shipwrecked on a deserted island and immediately set a Sunday school attendance goal of four."
- Johnny Logan, former shortstop for the Milwaukee Braves, on being traded recently to the Pittsburgh Pirates: "That Dessen [Milwaukee's manager] is a real capable man, but I have not had a conversation with him in the last two years and they tell me he's a great conversationalist."
- After Cotton Davidson and Muz Boydston of the American Football League's Dallas Texans defeated Mike Falls and Jerry Tubbs of the National Football League's Dallas Cowboys in a cow-milking contest, Falls turned to Tubbs and said: "Well, Jerry, we did it again—lost."



Myers Golden Daiquiri. 1/2 MYERS RUM to 3/4 lemon or lime juice. Add 1 tsp. sugar, a dash of Angostura per cocktail. Shake well with ice—CHEERS!

## MYERS *Jamaica* RUM

If it were known only for the great rum drinks it makes, Myers would still be famous. But a dash or two of this rich, spicy rum can lend exciting, distinctive flavor to almost any cocktail—as well as to many foods, sauces, desserts. Tonight—for cocktails, for dinner—try this unique rum from Jamaica, Myers Rum... the spirit of adventure!



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**THE STEREOGRAPH**—a new all-in-one Stereo phonograph. All amplifiers and speakers are in one case, just plug in and play. Never before could you get such superb music from a portable. Turntable speed certified to be within  $\pm 1\%$  of absolute. Pickup plays perfectly at only 1/10 oz. pressure. See it at your Magnavox Dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. \$99.90, other models from \$79.90.

\*It will be exchanged free of charge wear or credit within 10 years

the magnificent **Magnavox**

## COMING EVENTS

June 23 to June 29

All times are E.D.T.

★ Color television    ♦ Teletext    ■ Network radio

### Friday, June 23

- BOATING**  
Newport-Marlhead ocean race (Gulf), Newport, R.I.
- FOOTBALL**  
■ All-America Bowl game, Buffalo, 9 p.m. (Mazda)
- HARNESS RACING**  
H.T.A. Final race, \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**  
Georgetown Steeplechase, \$10,000, Delaware Park, Del.
- MOTOR SPORTS**  
NCCA Golden Rod oval rally, Lincoln, Neb. (through June 23)

### Saturday, June 24

- BASKETBALL**  
★ Los Angeles Dodgers at Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (CBS)
- ★ San Francisco at St. Louis, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
- BOATING**  
Detroit Memorial, unlimited hydro, Detroit (also June 25)
- BOXING**  
★ Bakara vs. Gonzalez, middle, 10 p.m., Madison Square Garden, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HARNESS RACING**  
American-National, Matamoras trot, \$60,000, Corcoran, Ill.
- HORSE RACING**  
Cognac Handicap, \$30,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.
- ★ Coaching Clay American Oaks, \$90,000, Belmont Park, N.Y. (Sports Network regional TV)\*
- ★ Lorraine Armour Memorial, \$30,000, Arlington Park, Ill.
- MOTOR SPORTS**  
The Player's "200," \$10,000, Mosport Park, Ont.
- SOCCER**  
Sheff.-U.S. Rodeo, \$12,500, Los Angeles
- SWIMMING**  
Van Lennep Relay, San Leandro, Calif. (also June 25)
- TRACK & FIELD**  
★ AAU Men's Champs., first day, New York (ABC)\*

### Sunday, June 25

- BASKETBALL**  
★ Detroit at Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (CBS)
- ★ St. Francisco at St. Louis, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- BOXING**  
Tour de France, Rouen, France (through July 16)
- MOTOR SPORTS**  
10-mile Nall, Champership Det Truck Race (teletext only) Columbus, Ohio
- SOCCER** (pre)  
Ireland vs. Israel, New York
- TRACK & FIELD**  
AAU Men's Champs., first day, New York
- WATER SKIING**  
Masters Invitational Tournament, Gateway Gardens, Mo.

### Monday, June 26

- BOXING**  
Cag vs. Sabedero, heavier, 10 p.m., Las Vegas, Nev.
- TENNIS**  
Wimbledon: Championships, Wimbledon, England (through July 8)

### Tuesday, June 27

- BOXING**  
Kingsh vs. Seki, flyweight title bout, 12 p.m., Tokyo, Japan

### Wednesday, June 28

- HORSE RACING**  
Massachusetts Handicap, \$50,000, Suffolk Downs, Mass.

### Thursday, June 29

- GOLF**  
Black Open, \$50,000, Grand Blanc, Mich. (through July 2)
- ★ Midway Battle of the Sexes\*, Summer Sports Spectacular, 7:30 p.m. (CBS)
- USGA Women's Open, Springfield, N.J. (through July 1)

\* See local listing

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 26, 1961

## New reflex movie zoom gives you perfect exposures automatically



## Yashica U-Matic

also features thru-the-lens focusing, electric motor drive, fades, dissolves, multiple speeds, and remote control operation.

Electric eye automatically sets lens for perfect movies. Thru-the-lens finder eliminates framing errors and out-of-focus pictures. Runs on 4 portable batteries — 3 speeds: fast, normal and slow motion. Also fades and dissolve effects (1.8 zoom lens covers 3mm wide angle to 28mm telephoto. Less than \$170 with 16-foot remote control (trigger grip extra). See your dealer for exact price, or write Dept. B.

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## STATUS-SEEKING SELF-TAUGHT ... read this

It's rumored that status can be had for a price. With sufficient capital one can meet the right people, be seen in the proper places, even purchase a peacorp.

But now status can be attained without a vulgar display of money. Just accost your butler or waiter. "Confound it man. Where is my Famous Sauce?" Voila—status!

Best to try the correct tone and inflection in the privacy of your drawing room first. Try Famous Sauce there, too.

The distinctively different sauce for salads, casseroles, cold meats, sandwiches and asparagus supreme.



**Zesty, Full-Bodied**

**DURKEE'S FAMOUS SAUCE**

SCHWEPPE'S DISCOVERS AMERICA—AND VICE VERSA



## "Thar's Schweppes in them thar hills!"

"GO WEST, Schweppesman!" said Commander Whitehead to himself, and he *did*.

Above you see him opening new frontiers for the authentic Gin-and-Tonic mixer. The one and only Schweppes Tonic.

It was the intrepid Commander who first brought Schweppes Tonic

from England to our own thirsty shores.

And it's the Commander who still sees to it that every bottle sold here is alive with Schweppesviveness: delicious little bubbles that last your whole drink through.

Because of the Schweppesman's pioneer work, today you can buy

Schweppes Tonic all through the country. West of the Pecos, and east of the Poconos, and in your own neighborhood store.

So why settle for imitations, when the real stuff is available? Whether you mix it with gin, or vodka, or rum—get the authentic Schweppes Tonic.

It's curiously refreshing!





# LITTLER EASES TO A HARD WIN

On the 18th hole of the final round of the 1961 Open, Gene Littler hit his second shot into a trap (opposite). But he coolly holed out in 5 to take the tournament by one stroke and redeem his early promise

by ALFRED WRIGHT

An hour before lunchtime last Saturday it looked very much as if the U.S. Open Championship might go on for another week before a winner could be separated from the nine determined and persistent golfers who were glued together at either par or one-over-par figures. It took another five and a half hours in absolutely ideal golfing weather—warm, sunny and with scarcely a whisper of a breeze—before Gene Littler, the quiet and diffident new champion from La Jolla, Calif., finally grasped the victory with a one-stroke advantage over Doug Sanders and Bob Goalby, a couple of young pros who have worked their way into the front ranks during the last two years.

The finish of this 1961 championship at Oakland Hills had an elusive kind of suspense. With so many players in a position to win, it was just impossible to focus the drama on any particular part of the golf course until the closing hour of the tournament. At the start of the afternoon round Sanders was the

only one of the 57 golfers playing the final 36 holes on Saturday to remain at even par. But only a stroke behind him were Goalby, Mike Souchak and Jacky Cupit, an intense young Texan who had joined the touring pros a few months before. And within two to four strokes of Sanders were Doug Ford, Gardner Dickinson, Eric Monti, Bob Rosburg, Allen Geiberger, Bob Brue, Dow Finsterwald, Jack Nicklaus and Littler himself.

Souchak started the afternoon round with birdies on three of the first four holes, and momentarily he held a one-stroke advantage over Sanders, who was playing 40 minutes behind him. When Souchak came to sudden grief, Sanders resumed his leading position, and there was a time midway through the afternoon when it appeared he could coast home to victory while the others gambled and scrambled to overtake him.

Littler, however, was playing brilliant golf in the final round—and he was doing it unnoticed, as this splendid athlete, with his amazing talent for obscurity, so often has during the past years. Moving along about two holes ahead of Sanders, Littler picked up birdies on the 11th and 13th holes while Sanders was going over par on the 9th, 10th and 12th. All of a sudden, Littler had a three-stroke lead over Sanders and two over Goalby.

Few of the nearly 20,000 people scattered across the Birmingham, Mich. course were ready for this turn of events. Jack Murphy, a golf writer for *The San Diego Union*, counted Littler's gallery on the 3rd hole on the last round. There were seven people. By the 11th it was up to about a hundred. But, paired with Dickinson, Littler still had the kind of gallery that meanders along with the also-rans as he played down the long, straight 14th hole and up the tricky, doglegged 15th. He was hitting every shot with the easy, graceful swing that has characterized his golf ever since he came to wide attention as the Amateur Champion of 1953. Dickinson, who no longer had a chance to win himself, was encouraging Littler with just the right blend of praise and humor to keep him relaxed.

"I'll sell you that shot, Gene," Dickinson said to him after hitting a fine drive off the 16th tee.

When Littler hit an even better one, Dickinson said, "Lovely. Beautiful. Just right."

It wasn't until Littler saw the scoreboard alongside the 16th green that he realized he was ahead of both Sanders and Goalby. He delicately stroked a most treacherous approach putt on the 17th green but, before his second shot on the 18th, you would never have known

*continued*

*Photographs by John G. Zimmerman*

**PROOF OF A CHAMPION** was provided by Littler's reaction to poorly hit second shot on last hole (ball, looking like a white peg, heads for bunker) in similar situation at Masters, Arnold Palmer blew title.

that he knew. Here Littler broke the rhythm of the superb golf he had been playing. The long spoon shot he intended to play from the fairway to the green went off line to the left and fell into a deep bunker guarding the green. Littler hit weakly out of the sand, leaving a good 30 feet of undulating green between his ball and the hole. At that moment (although Littler didn't know it) Sanders had just cut the margin between them to a single stroke with a birdie 3 on the 16th hole. A lot of people who could see the situation on the scoreboard began to think of Arnold Palmer's disaster on the final green at

the Masters only a few months earlier.

When Littler left his approach putt two feet short of the hole, it was almost too much to watch, for seldom has there been a golfer with more friends pulling for him. Unlike so many of his fellow pros, Littler avoids agonizing dramatics on the putting green, but this putt he examined with infinite care. Then he stepped up and punched it into the hole.

"Was it a straight-in putt, Gene?" someone asked him afterwards.

"It was straight in," he replied, and then emphasized his nervousness with his kind of dry, self-deprecatory wit that is so becoming by adding, "At least, I think it was. I couldn't see the hole."

The excitement was not over, however.

A birdie on either of the last two holes would give Sanders a tie, and he made a very gutsy try. His 14-foot putt for a two on the 17th ringed the cup but stayed out. On the 18th he drove poorly into the rough on the right, but his lie was good because the big galleries had trampled down the long grass. Using a two-iron, he faded a glorious shot around several small evergreens and to within eight feet of the green, leaving himself a 30-foot chip to the hole for the tie. He pulled his nine-iron from the bag and made another wonderful shot (*below left*), but just as the ball seemed to be going into the hole it curved left and missed by no more than two inches.

Littler was sitting in the nearby press tent at this moment, and when Sanders' brave try failed, he smiled one of his small quick smiles that can warm an entire neighborhood. Seven years ago he missed an eight-foot putt on the final green at Baltusrol that would have tied him with Ed Furgol for the Open title in his first year as a pro. The road since then has had a lot of bumps in it.

When the new Open champion first turned pro in 1954, many people thought he might soon take a place alongside such superlative tournament golfers as Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. The way he hit the golf ball was almost flawless. In 1955, his second year on the tour, Littler won the Los Angeles, Labatt and Phoenix opens and the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas. He seemed on the verge of instant greatness, but in 1956 after winning the Tournament of Champions for the second time something began to happen to his swing. "Littler has developed a hitch in his swing," people said.

Throughout a long period of adjustment Littler continued to earn good money on the tour, but for two years after his third straight Tournament of Champions in the spring of 1957 he failed to win a single tournament. By then people were saying, "Littler has lost his desire."

The dry spell ended when Littler won the Phoenix Open early in 1959, and he went on from there to four more victories on the tour that year and two the next. Throughout 1959 and 1960 he finished among the top 10 in 30 of the 60 tournaments he played and won more than \$65,000 in prize money, but the public acted as if he somehow wasn't there. The pros knew of his presence, however. Among their ranks no golfer is more popular.

WELL-PLAYED CHIP BY ODGE SANDERS GOES INCHES ASTRAY AND COSTS HIM A TIE



"Litt is the funniest man there is," Bill Casper told a reporter in Fort Worth last month when Littler was brought into the press room for an interview after taking the lead in the Colonial National. The fact was not immediately apparent as Littler sat on a couch answering questions matter-of-factly in his squeaky Mr. Peepers voice, but every now and then the trace of a grin would hurry across his face as he appended some crisp comment to an answer.

"Did the rough bother you, Gene?" someone would ask.

"No, I don't think so," he replied. And then, wryly, "I can't hit the ball that far."

Last Saturday in the press tent at Oakland Hills it was the same sort of thing.

"Did you ever think of giving up the tour, Gene?"

"I felt like it," Pause. "But my wife wouldn't let me."

"What was the hardest hole on the course, Gene?"

Faint smile. "The last."

"Gene, did you ever think you might lose the tournament?"

The smallest of grins. "I wasn't ever in a position to lose it. Except maybe on the last hole, I guess."

"What did you think the winning score would be?" they asked the man who had just posted a one-over-par 281.

"Two eighty-five," he answered and then really smiled for a split second. "But I'm glad I didn't shoot it."

Cracks like that are enough to make Gene's friends double up with pleasure and mirth. He may not seem quite that funny to most people, but his wit adds a delightful extra dimension to an otherwise quiet personality. On the surface he appears simply to be a very pleasant, straightforward, exceptionally shy man—and somewhat on the boyish side for his 30 years, but that is due in large part to his fair-skinned, youthful face, his puckish manner and his reddish-blond hair, which was newly crew-cut for the Open.

So much excellent golf was played throughout the three days at Oakland Hills that the monstrous reputation acquired by the course during the 1951 Open can now be laid to rest. The competitive course record of 67 set by Ben Hogan during his final round of the previous tournament was equaled once each by Sanders, Cupit, Rosburg, Monti and a relatively unknown pro from Chicago named Bob Harris. In addition, there were 32 rounds of par 70 or better

by 26 different players, and Hogan himself turned in a very fine score of 289 while finishing 14th, two strokes more than he shot in 1951 although he was playing on legs and with nerves that are now 48 years old. The fact is that Oakland Hills, with a few minor alterations—ever-so-slightly wider fairways in spots and a half dozen or so fewer bunkers—is no longer a monster, though still a superb test of championship golf.

The course as it played last week demanded the most precise kind of putting. Arnold Palmer, although he finished the final day with two fine rounds in par to tie with Hogan, wasted too many shots on the large and wavy greens during the first two days, and so did Gary

Player, who also played his last two rounds in even par and finished with 287 and a tie for ninth.

Perhaps Palmer's main trouble was that he couldn't get up for the tournament, as he told a friend on the clubhouse terrace one afternoon. There was, it is true, a certain quiet, earnest dedication about the tournament that deprived it of the glamour that attends the Masters. Perhaps it missed the presence of such as Art Wall and Jack Burke and Ken Venturi and a sprinkling of other celebrities who failed to qualify. Yet, it was the championship, and few golfers are in a mood to gamble when all that prestige and winner's money is there for the taking.

END

AGGRIEZED ARNOLD PALMER WINGES AT ONE OF NUMEROUS PUTTS THAT MISBEHAVED



# THE YOUNG PITCHERS TAKE COMMAND

Close to the halfway mark in another typically tight National League pennant race, a group of strong-armed youngsters seems to control the balance of power

by **TEX MAULE**

ROOKIE KEN HUNT COCKS FAST BALL THAT HAS LED REDS INTO CONTENTION



The Yankees would finish sixth in the National League," said a bedazzled Cincinnati Red fan recently. He was wrong. The Yanks would probably finish no worse than fourth. Still, the National League race may turn out to be the hottest six-team battle for a major league pennant in baseball history. With two weeks to go to the halfway point in the season, no team has established a clear claim to superiority; what is more, no team is likely to.

"I figure seven games will cover the first six teams by the time the season ends," said Fred Hutchinson, manager of the Reds, last week. "I never saw so many good pitchers—young ones—in the league before."

The young pitchers have, indeed, been the big factor in the race so far. Best of these have been Ken Hunt, a rookie fast-ball specialist who has learned control after three years in the minors and has sparked the Reds with seven victories to date, and Sandy Koufax, who has served a much longer apprenticeship but now has learned to control both his temper and his curve ball and leads the deep, young Dodger pitching staff. Hunt is 22; Koufax, who began his major league career at 20, is 25.

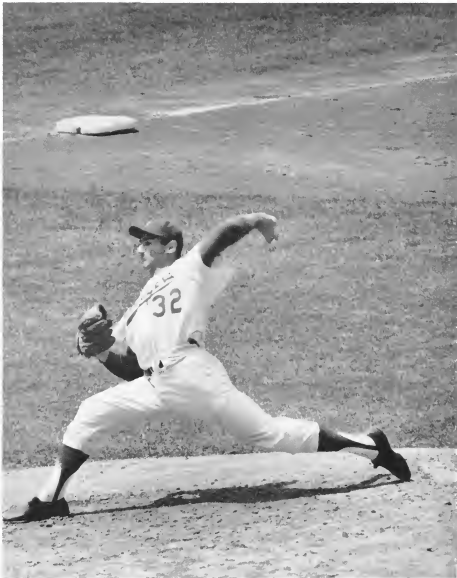
"No one can keep a winning streak going long," says Alvin Dark, the rookie San Francisco Giant manager. "There are no soft touches in this league, principally because every club has at least three good pitchers and nearly every one has very good relief pitching." In one frenetic 24-hour period the Dodgers slipped to second place, dropped to third when San Francisco won an afternoon game the next day, then bounced all the way to first by beating the Chicago Cubs that night. During the last three weeks the lead has changed among the Dodgers, Giants and Reds nine times.

The Dodgers and the Reds own the biggest number of good young pitchers. To go with Koufax, Los Angeles has Don Drysdale, Ron Perranoski and Stan Williams—none of them over 30. The Reds, backing up Hunt, have Joey Jay, Jim Maloney and Jim O'Toole. The Giants are not far behind with Mike McCormick, Juan Marchal, Billy Loes, Jack Sanford and a couple of raw rookies in Bob Bolin and Duck LeMay.

Youth seems to be the mark of the contending teams. The youngest, deepest and most flexible of the clubs involved in this hectic pennant race is the Los Angeles Dodgers. Not long ago Walter Alston,

*continued*





SANDY KOUFAX, HIS TEMPER, CURVE AND FAST BALL FINALLY UNDER CONTROL, IS THE STAR OF DEEP DODGER PITCHING STAFF

the Dodger manager, contemplated his embarrassment of riches.

"I can't tell you where anyone will play on a given day," said Alston, a frank man. "It depends on a lot of things. On what park we are in, who is pitching for us and against us, who's holding a hot bat. It may even depend on which way the wind is blowing on that particular day."

It is this depth and flexibility that has kept the Dodgers up among the leaders so far, because they have had disappointing performances from players like Frank Howard, the massive young outfielder-first baseman, and Pitchers Dick Farrell and Stan Williams. They have also endured a siege of early-season injuries to Duke Snider, Norm Larker, Charlie Neal, Wally Moon, Ed Reebuck and Johnny Podres. With so many problems among regular players, another club would be in serious trouble.

Again, it is the young pitching that has sustained the Dodgers. General Manager Buzzie Bavasa commented on this the other day: "I figure that by the time they are 28, Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax will be the best pitchers in baseball. Now that he has learned to control his temper, Koufax may make it even sooner. Don still gets too mad at himself; if he learns to handle his temperament, he'll be as good as Sandy is."

After several seasons of unfulfilled promise (and a career record of 36 wins against 40 losses) Koufax has taken over as the bellwether of the Dodger pitching staff. So far this year he has won nine and lost only three while striking out 97 batters in 98 innings. His lifetime strikeout average of 8.9 per game is the best in major league history. Until this year, aside from his temper, his problem was controlling his wide curve ball. When it hung, as it did often, it was a home run pitch. Now he has faith in it and control over it and uses it to get batters out.

Alston handled the flood of early-season injuries by shrewdly combining his young talent and his versatile old-timers. Junior Gilliam, who replaced Charlie Neal at second base, can play that position or the outfield. Gil Hodges can catch, play first or third. Tommy Davis, although he is more comfortable and hits better when he plays left field, is an improving third baseman. His replacement at third, Daryl Spencer, is a shortstop, too. Neal can play second or



ALERT DODGERS CUT OFF GIANTS' EDDIE BRESSOUD, WHO TRIES TO RETURN TO

short. Howard, Norm Larker and rookie Ron Fairly can all play first or the outfield. When all of them are healthy, Alston has unlimited combinations for platooning. He can, indeed, adjust his hitting strength to take advantage of the prevailing winds. And the winds are important in a race as close as this one.

Recently Jim Brosnan, the very good relief pitcher for the Reds, was pondering the power of the wind. "The young pitchers on the club have helped us a lot," said Brosnan, a middle-aged pitcher and a young author. "Guys like Joey Jay and Hunt. But we have been pretty lucky, too. Most of the time the wind here in Cincinnati blows out from home plate, helping the batter. So far this year it has only blown out maybe three or four times." During the early part of the season Cincinnati's power hitters were not producing much power, and the Reds' young pitchers needed all the help they could get from the wind. Now the Red sluggers are back in form and, luckily again, the prevailing wind has taken over at home plate. The Reds may be the only team in baseball history to have an anemometer on the roof of the stands which gives them the wind velocity during the game. This bit of esoteric information is relayed to Manager Fred Hutchinson in the dugout and thence to the players. If the winds are strong enough, the Cincinnati hitters try to loft towering flies up into the jet-

stream so that the ball will be wafted into the stands.

More important to the rise of the Reds than their built-in wind tunnel is the sudden development of a trio of fine pitchers, headed by Hunt. Last year the Reds could not get anyone out; they produced small clusters of runs off the hitting of Vada Pinson, Frank Robinson, Ed Bailey, Eddie Kasko and Gus Bell but succumbed to even bigger run production from less talented hitters on other clubs.

#### A balanced staff

Hunt, of course, was the big surprise. But Joey Jay, obtained from Milwaukee, has developed into a consistent winner under the gentle tutelage of Hutchinson, a superb handler of pitchers. "I don't want to criticize his other managers," says Hutchinson. "But all Joey needed was confidence—the confidence he gets from taking a regular position in the starting lineup." The regular work has given Jay control that he lacked as a sometime starter—rare—for the Braves. The development of two more youngsters—Jim Maloney, up from Nashville, and Jim O'Toole—has rounded out a Cincinnati staff which has maturity in Bob Purkey and security in the relief pitching of Brosnan, Bill Henry and Howe Nunn.

A revamped infield has helped the Reds, too. Possibly the best trade made



BASE AFTER HIT TO LEFT FIELD. MAURY WILLS REACHES FOR BALL (BLUR NEAR UMPIRE'S HEAD) AS JUNIOR GILLIAM BACKS HIM UP

by any club this season was the one that brought them Third Baseman Gene Froese. "He's hit a ton since he came here," says one of the Red coaches, "and the guy doesn't make any mistakes at third. Him and Blasingame [the second baseman the Reds got from the Giants] tied our infield together."

The Giants could afford to trade away Blasingame because they have two good young second basemen of their own—Charlie Miller and Joey Amalfitano. Next to the Dodgers, the Giants are probably the deepest team in the league in good young talent. El Tappe, the current head coach of the Chicago Cubs, who may be taken as a reasonably dispassionate observer since his club is one of the two—with the Philadelphia Phils—not considered to be in the race, thinks the Giants should be favored.

"They have been the most effective against us, anyway," he says. "They bring a pinch hitter off the bench, and boom—a triple or a home run. And they're deadly in the late innings. One of those big guys—Mays, Cepeda, McCovey or someone—hits a homer to tie the game, then another one hits a homer to win it. They do just as much as they have to do to win, and that's what it is all about to win a pennant."

A good deal of the opportunism of the Giants may be traced to the skill of Alvin Dark, who has made many unorthodox moves. Most of them to date

have been successful, like Alston, he can trace a good deal of that success to his depth. He has, for instance, two completely interchangeable infields, one of which is superb on defense and adequate at bat, and the other adequate on defense and superb at bat. He has in Matty Alou as good a substitute outfielder as there is in baseball.

He has, too, a fine young pitching staff, though it has been somewhat erratic so far. The steadying influence is Stu Miller, a slender 33-year-old reliever who comes to the aid of the fast-ball-pitching youngsters with an effective assortment of tired pitches. It is doubtful that Miller could throw a baseball through a wet paper sack; despite this lack of speed, he has won six games and saved four and leads the league in earned run average. He is especially effective against the big hitters on the other team. "Send up nine pitchers against Miller and you'd get nine hits," said Dodger Coach Leo Durocher in disgust last week after Miller had smothered a Dodger rally in junk. "But our regulars can't wait for the ball to get to the plate before they swing." Daryl Spencer, an erstwhile Giant who had been one of the victims of Miller's supersonic deliveries, agreed sadly. "I was so far out front it was ridiculous," he said.

The other three teams in this race have been hobbled principally by the failure of seasoned pitching to produce as well

as expected. Ernie Broglio of the Cardinals, who tied with Warren Spahn as the league's winningest pitcher last year, is 6 and 7 now. "It's tougher to win this year," says Broglio. "You always seem to be up against a hot pitcher. I'm pitching as well as I ever did—I've got more confidence now than I had last season. I've got one problem, however: I can control my curve early or my fast ball. But I never have both of them. If the curve is in there for the first five innings, I can't count on the fast ball. If the fast ball is over, I can't throw the curve when I need to get someone out. Late in the game I have both of them. But that's too late." One season the Cardinals are having difficulty, of course, is that they have been hurt by key injuries to Julian Javier at second, to Larry Jackson, counted on as their No. 2 pitcher, and to Hal Smith, the club's best catcher, who is hospitalized with a suspected heart condition.

The Pirates, hitting well and consistently, have had trouble in the field and have missed the one-two punch of Vernon Law and Boh Friend, neither of whom has won consistently this season. Unlike most of the other teams, the Pirates are not deep in first-line talent. Milwaukee's case is very similar. Spahn and Lou Burdette can no longer carry the whole pitching load and there is a dearth of good young pitchers to help them out.

END



**Where's the Road?**



Peering down as intently as a myopic bookworm reading close print in a dark library, the passenger member of this Swiss sidecar motorcycle team seems to be interested only in a closer look at the course. Actually, he is trying to lower the motorcycle's center of gravity as the driver beside him takes a hairpin turn at Governor's Bridge in an International Tourist Trophy race on the Isle of Man. As it turned out, his head was still too high; the Swiss team placed only second.



SMOKE CHAMPION JOE DAVIS

SOCCER STAR BILLY WRIGHT

SWIMMER ANITA LONSBOROUGH

SPRINTER WILMA RUDOLPH

HORSEMAN HARRY LLEWELLYN

FEATHERWEIGHT BOXER TERRY SPINKS

RACE DRIVER JACK GRAHAM

HORSEWOMAN PAT SMYTHE

# The Frozen Face of Fame

*Photograph by Bruce Seid*



BOXER INGEMAR JOHANSSON

TENNIS STAR CHRISTINE TRUMAN

CRICKETER PETER MAY

PILOT HERB ELLIOTT

RACE DRIVER STIRLING MOSS

TENNIS STAR MARIA BUENO

GOLFER BOBBY LOCKE

If the sports celebrities assembled for this unique group portrait appear to be frozen in apprehension, it might be because Alfred Arthur Rouse, the Blazing Car Murderer, and George Joseph Smith, infamous killer of the Brides in the Bath, are lurking just below them in the basement. Or it might be, as in fact it is, because they are all effigies in Madame Tussaud's celebrated London museum.



## Gruesome Twosome

This two-headed monster, swathed in what looks like synthetic yak hide, is Marlin and Mike McKeever, the identical twins who were All-America football players at the University of Southern California in 1959. Inseparable as always, the McKeeveres are now doubling as the Siamese Cyclops in the film *The Three Stooges Meet Hercules*. At right, the boys are shown as they looked in their football days, modeling a Siamese cape designed to attract rather than repel; it was meant for couples in chilly grandstands.







## SOUP-ON-THE-ROCKS AFTER SPORTS

New refreshing drink perks you up

For Soup-on-the-Rocks helps to replenish the salt and liquid you've lost on the tennis court or golf course. Just pour Campbell's Beef Broth straight from the can over ice. It's a nourishing drink, yet low in calories. A refreshing drink that tastes good, too. When you come in from active sports, have this modern refreshment. You'll like it and feel better for it.

*Campbell's* Beef Broth—M'm! M'm! Good!



**Jantzen surfwear for surfers** This is the big surf at Makapuu, where the best body-surfing waves on Oahu met the finest surfwear of all time. Here are four examples of the smart trunks and jackets designed specifically for swimmers. The trunks on Gifford have the great stay-put waistband that we invented; trunks are 6.95, jacket is 6.95. Other grand styles appropriate to any surf are in the better stores.



**Jantzen**  
sportswear for sportsmen

(left) Members of the Jantzen International Sports Club "Hawaiian Village" Expedition in the Jantzen lineup of superb sportswear . . . Bob Cousy, Ken Venturi, Frank Gifford, Warren Miller, Bud Palmer. Tom Kelley took all expedition photos, including this one.

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

by ROGER PRICE

## THE ORIENTAL 'MARTIAL' ART OF 'KARATE'

*has gained a wide and growing audience in recent months. Magazines and newspapers do features on it, the hero of a TV series uses karate instead of a gun to eliminate his antagonists, how-to books are piling off the assembly lines and karate schools are opening up like pizza parlors.*

*This situation is, I think, heartening, because for years a large number of American citizens have been unfairly discriminated against simply because there has been no opportunity for them to receive instruction in a technique such as karate. These citizens—bar fighters, muggers, juvenile rumblers, cop baiters, strikebreakers, labor goons, itinerant rapists and stick-up artists—have been the collective victims of what I call the "judo conspiracy."*

*Due to an unhealthy and one-sided interest in self-defense, it's possible today for any child to learn the secret principles of judo at his friendly neighborhood dojo. Judo, a*

*continued*



science that uses an attacker's strength to defeat him, is designed especially for the victim of an Unprovoked Assault.

In every judo ad or instruction book there is always an illustrated rendering of the same dramatic scene. A slender fellow with clean features and a neat necktie is being assaulted by a larger, beefier type who needs a shave and whose shirttail is out. Sometimes the Assaulter is pictured as lunging with a knife (and presumably with his eyes tightly shut); often he carries a club or a revolver. But in every case in the second panel we see the slender fellow heartlessly and violently hurling him to the pavement. In the third panel he (the Assaulter) sits holding his head, above which are pictured stars and a facsimile of Saturn, while the fellow with tie (the Assaultee) smiles arrogantly and walks on with his girl, who is wearing a hat and dress that went out of style in 1932. Above his head is a balloon in which is lettered: "THANK HEAVEN FOR JUDO!"

This sequence has always depressed me, possibly because I identify with the unshaven fellow (my shirttail is usually out, too) who is so obviously the underdog.

Is it consistent with our American tradition of fair play to send these men, many of them sensitive teen-agers no more than 27 years old, up against trained experts who do not hesitate to flip them on their cotton-pickin' skulls with a flip of the wrist? I say, "No!"

Fortunately, karate can even up the odds that have for so long been in favor of the judo-trained Square. Karate is designed especially for the Unprovoked Assault.

According to Roy (Pop) Moore, Olympic wrestling coach who studied judo in Japan and took the first Caucasian judo team to Tokyo, "Karate is not a sport at all. It's a method of killing or maiming or disabling. That's all it is. A dirty, low, nonsporting attack that is likely to be lethal."

How about that? With such high praise from an expert like Mr. Moore, it's no wonder karate is on the upswing.

Formerly, the grimmer elements of karate were used only by special police or combat units, like Japanese troops in World War II. But today, for example, schools advertising karate instruction can be found in the New York classified directory. The ads use phrases like "Safe, inexpensive. No physical conditioning required. Age no barrier."

In case you don't live near a school, you can always get the all right jazz from any number of books, which promise instantaneous mastery at cut-rate prices. These books are publicized in the back of girly type magazines, usually between the ads for acne cures and "U.S. Drinking Team" sweaters. With typical American ingenuity the publishers refer to their versions as "SUPER KARATE" and in many cases as "ADVANCED SUPER KARATE," and the ads are packed with paralyzing prose.

"Turn your hands, fingers, elbows and feet into SUPER WEAPONS," one states. "With Karate, a 98-pound weakling can easily overpower a 220-pound he-man in seconds with his bare hands." This course costs \$2.98.

If you don't care to invest that much, you can get in touch with Precise Publications of Livingston, N.J. For only 99¢ "I'll make you a master of Karate. In just two hours after you receive 'SUPER KARATE' you will be on your way to being an Invincible Karate Master, at home, this fast, easy picture way." This is really a bargain when you consider that Japanese experts spend a minimum of three years just learning the fundamentals—another example of the superiority of American methods.

This particular ad also offers for an extra 99¢ a "Giant Life-Like practice dummy—big numbers on the dummy show you the exact location of pressure points and weak spots which you can practice attacking." And if you act now, you can get absolutely free your personal membership card



in the American Karate Federation, which somehow does not sound like too exclusive an organization.

In spite of the bellicose tone of *karate* promotional material, its exponents always refer to it vaguely as being "used only for defense." In fact, one of the world's foremost *karate* masters, Masutatsu Oyama, says, "One stroke of Karate, properly delivered, will kill a horse or a bull. But the guiding principle of Karate never allows you to hurt others unless you are attacked."

Oyama-san isn't being sarcastic. It's just that in order to appreciate what he means you have to understand the old Japanese meaning of "defense." (Remember Pearl Harbor? Come on, you remember. It was a naval base in Hawaii. Think back. Remember?)

Oyama-san goes on to say that "there is no forestalling in Karate," and he adds that one of its secret principles is called *go no sen*. "This," he explains, "means 'Defensive is Offensive.'" (Now you remember!)

"... That is to say, you will never be defeated if you attack the opponent as he is about to strike you. For those who want to learn Karate, understanding the secret of 'no forestalling' is an important concept."

This simply means that you must let your opponent have it *before* he attacks you. The best way to do this is to sneak up behind him and *ka-pow*—you clout him right in the necktie. This is what is known as *go no sen*. You have practiced no forestalling and have cleverly struck a possible troublemaker before he could attack you. And if you think someone who has been snuck up on and clouted isn't going to feel like attacking you, you're unrealistic.

The proper philosophic attitude is an important part of *karate*. According to Master Gichin Funakoshi, "the minds of those who learn *karate* should be empty, cleared of selfish

and evil thoughts." This means that the *karate-ka* (*karate* practitioner) must achieve mental calm so that he can focus his total concentration upon only one thing—"kill," or perhaps occasionally, "maim."

According to legend, the inventor of *karate* was also the founder of Zen, Daruma Taishi, who lived in the sixth century and was the head of an obscure sect of monks given to wearing beards and writing poetry who performed their devotional acts in coffee houses. By constant practice the members of this sect learned to kill a man with a six-inch blow.

This group soon became extinct. However, their science of assassination spread throughout the Orient and was developed to its present excellence by the natives of Okinawa. When the Japanese conquered them in the 17th century the Okinawans were forbidden to own any sort of weapons. As a result, they studied *karate*, secretly, so that they could cope when necessary with belligerent and heavily armed samurai.

Later it was introduced to Japan, where it got its name—*kara* (empty) plus *te* (hand). Today all of the technical terms used in *karate* such as *shuto*, *tsuki*, *geri* and *uchi* are of Japanese origin. *Geri* means "kick." *Tsuki* means "blow."

The *shuto* is the best-known *karate* blow, a paralyzing smash with the side of the hand, which has been hardened by constant pounding on something. Or someone. The serious *karate-ka* will spend months pounding his hand against a table top or a brick. Minimum practice is considered to be 300 pounds a day. Eventually the side of his hand develops a callus, which will enable him to use it as a club; after a couple of weeks of pounding he certainly isn't going to be able to use it as a hand.

A *shuto* delivered to the base of an opponent's skull can dislocate his spine, unhinge his pelvis and run down the battery on his automobile. If followed up with a *ka-geri* (groin kick) and a couple of *me-tsuki* (eye gouges) it may also cause loss of appetite and, sometimes, Bad Feeling.

continued



The *Shuto* is also the *tsuki* used most often for the theatrical form of karate called *tansei-wari* (busting-up stuff), the practice of chopping-in-two stones, bricks, tiles and four-inch wooden planks. *Tamsei-wari* is merely a device used to demonstrate karate (there are no such things, of course, as formal karate "matches") and to frighten Squares. But it is highly spectacular.

A young man who had had only three hours of training in the American Advanced Super Karate recently gave me an amazing demonstration. He struck a regulation-size brick with only his bare hand, and it broke immediately—on the first blow. In fact, it broke in four places, including the thumb, and he is still wearing it in a cast.

I cannot list all of the hundreds of karate *tsukis*, *geris* and *ponas* (forms) here, but I will try to note a few in order to provide you with a better understanding of this fabulous science.

**JIU-KUMITE** (free fighting) is useful when meeting an opponent who is walking down a dark street toward the bushes in which you are hidden. First use *go no sen* by stepping out and assuming a charming smile. Then cleverly misdirect his attention by saying: "Hey, Joe, you want to lend me a match?"

When he pauses to reach into his pocket, counter this threatening gesture by bringing the left *seiken* (fist) down in a powerful *gedae-tsuki* (low blow) to his abdomen (Oooof?).

Follow this with a pulverizing *shuto* to the Adam's apple and a lightninglike *okane-tsukawa* (wallet grab) to his inside coat pocket. Then run like hell.

If, by any chance, these blows do not disconcert the Opponent and he is still conscious, yell "*tenno-er*," and rush home and practice some more on the Giant Life Size Dummy.

**NUKITE** (thrust with stiff fingers). Effective against throat, solar plexus and elevator bells. To execute *nukite* assume *fudo-daichi* (erec front) position. Slide

left foot diagonally forward at angle of 35°, thrust left hand in sweeping circle, draw back right foot and assume *sushu-no-kamae* (side pose). Shift weight, counting silently, "One two, cha-cha-cha," to get proper rhythm, and then bring left *tetui* (side of fist) in short arc to bridge of nose (his nose—not yours; it's important to keep this in mind). Then execute diversionary *hiji-yoko-ate* (elbow smash) with left elbow. Now shift weight again to left foot (or is it to right foot?). Anyway, you shift and bring your hand up—if it isn't already up. Now raise left knee and grasp right arm, or possibly right knee. Now that I think of it, perhaps the *nukite* is too advanced for you to attempt. You're better off sticking to the *shuto*.

**KICKING** (kicking). The various kicks are used for specialized situations and are extremely important. They are: *Yoko-geri* (side kick), useful for getting a seat on a crowded bus. *Jhodon-geri* (high head kick), useful against children and/or dogs. *Tobi-geri* (jump kick). Impossible. Forget it. *Mawashi-geri* (turning kick), for political arguments only. *Pachinko-geri* (pin-ball kick), highly effective against all types of vending machines or juke boxes.

In actual combat you will find that kicking is best when used against female opponents. You will soon discover that for reasons of modesty, many of them will not kick you back.

**STRENGTH-THROUGH-VOICE ASSIST.** When delivering any *tsuki* or *geri*, the *karate-ka* should learn to utter a piercing yell at the moment of impact. This not only gives added focus and impetus to the blow, it also serves to confuse and frighten the Assaultee. The orthodox yells are, "Yo!" or "*He-ya!*" However, for the American *karate-ka* I have worked out an Advanced Super or all-purpose yell: "GIMME YOUR MONEY!" It's sure-fire.

**DEFENSE.** The only effective defense for the *karate-ka* is to know a good, unscrupulous lawyer. One may be located by looking in the Yellow Pages under "unscrap." Secondary karate defenses are, "I don't belong to the gang. I just came down to watch the rumble," and "temporary insanity."

**SUMMATION.** Even though I have covered only a small part of the subject, I'm sure that you will agree with me—unless you are the type of fellow who wears a clean white shirt and a necktie—regarding the value of karate training. Some people say that karate should be outlawed or, at least, that karate instructors should be licensed by the government (as is done in Japan). They claim that in this age of the H-bomb and the 300-hp automobile it is, at best, a redundancy to teach adolescents a system of killing by hand. Karate, they say,

puts a deadly concealed weapon in the hands of any punk who can spend a few bucks for lessons. They even go so far as to ask: "Should a man be taught to kill another man in the name of 'sport'?"

Well, these people are Trouble Makers. They don't understand that karate is the greatest thing that's happened to Young People since the invention of the zip gun and the switchblade knife.

So I say to all you fellows out there with your shirttails out—get with it. It's easy to become a master of karate. All you need is 1) will power, 2) mental discipline, 3) a burning desire to kill or cripple your fellow man and, of course, 4) 99¢.

END





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For the rider of jumping horses, every fence, every class and every show presents its special challenge. But the greatest of tests is Aachen in Germany, the scene this week of the Silver Jubilee in international jumping competition. Aachen is the biggest international horse show in every way—attendance (between 30,000 and 50,000 spectators each day for 10 days); prize money (\$30,525); and more than 100 jumpers. At Aachen, too, jumpers face the most formidable and most varied of obstacles, made doubly difficult by the exceptionally long courses. Only a superbly conditioned horse has any chance to win. Aachen spectators spend the entire day at the show. The grounds are equipped with restaurants, a bank and even a barbershop. The local citizens' interest does not end with the competition. Each year a reception is held for the teams and their captains at the Rathaus, and the streets around it are crowded with people hoping to catch sight of favorite riders entering and leaving, a celebrity treatment rarely accorded horse show performers in this country. Aachen participants are always moved by the closing ceremony. At dusk of the last day, as the champions make a final tour of the ring, the huge audience stands, waves white handkerchiefs and sings "Auf Wiedersehen."

*Aachen spectators applaud in rhythm with traditional air played by the band as winning riders circle the ring after each event.*





*German Olympic rider Alwin Schockemühle guides jumper over a spread fence, one of many Aachen obstacles famous for size or solidity.*





*The wall comes tumbling down, soon to be followed by horse and rider, as Brigitte Schockaert of Belgium and her mount misjudge an obstacle.*





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# **'AMERICANS ARE MOLLYCODDLES'**

*Photograph by Jerry Cooke*



So says Herb Elliott, the Australian four-minute miler. In his autobiography, "The Golden Mile," which caused such a stir when it appeared in England (Thomas Nelson & Sons will publish the American edition), Elliott reviews his career as a runner and then, in the passages reprinted here, turns all the wisdom and experience of his 22 years on that favorite target of all tourists walking, riding or running through the U.S.—the poor, miserable American

by **HERB ELLIOTT**

with Alan Trengrove

When I say that I'm glad I was born Australian, not American, I hope all my American friends will not be offended. But I believe in frankness. And it's a fact that the warm, soft, synthetic existence Americans lead poses a real doubt about their future. A people who so thoroughly mollycoddle themselves must steadily become weaker, physically and spiritually. The Americans are not the only people who are insulating themselves from their environment; the tendency exists even in my own country. I shudder to think what would happen to some of these pampered people who've separated themselves from nature if suddenly they were thrown back into the natural environment that God provides. How many would survive?

My first taste of American life came at the end of the 1957-58 Australian season when Merv Lincoln and I were invited there to compete in a series of races prior to our appearance in the Empire Games in Wales. It was an experience I wouldn't have missed for the world, though I was shocked by some of the things I saw. No sooner had the invitation arrived than I was alerted for a radiotelephone call from Villanova University. It was Ron Delany, the young gentleman who 18 months before had expressed doubts about the wisdom of my tough training schedules. He wanted to know what races were planned for me.

"You know, my boy, Oi don't mind admittin' you've got me a bit worried now," said Ron. And he tried to pump me on his plans—without success.

The plane trip from Sydney to Honolulu left me so tired and sick that I viewed my scheduled 880-yard race in Hawaii's Punahou Relays with some apprehension. The Hawaiian champion, Chauncey Pa, provided fierce opposition

until well into the second lap. If he'd known how awful I felt he might not have cracked when he did, allowing me to win in 1:53.1.

It was at Waikiki Beach that I became aware how many wealthy Americans lose interest in their physical condition. There is no point using euphemisms; they were fat and they were flabby. Even the kids. I saw a boy of no more than 8 whose muscle tissue hung on him limp-like pieces of sackcloth—the end result, I was sure, of two generations of soft living. Unlike Australian beachgoers, the frequenters of Waikiki couldn't swim 10 yards to save themselves. Two other facets that intrigued me were the way the women bossed their menfolk and the vanity of almost all of them, men and women. I took great delight in sprinting through the water, splashing bald heads and white, puffy legs.

#### One rugged type

Ironically, amid this apparent decadence I was introduced to one of the most masculine characters I've been fortunate enough to meet. George Downing was in his late 30s or early 40s, superbly fit, easygoing and adventurous, and the greatest surfer in the world—a fact that I realized as soon as I was informed that each day he went out on a surfboard to crack the huge waves north of Honolulu. One day, while out on a catamaran, we discussed the possibility of touring the world together on such a small but sturdy craft. A reckless mood came over me in which impetuously I decided to toss in my job, retire from running and live under sail. The mood wore off sufficiently for me to continue my tour, though I'm not sure to this day whether there's a more appealing life than the rugged outdoor existence, close to water, that George leads.

Another pleasant experience in Honolulu was discovering such a harmonious intermingling of so many races. Japanese, Chinese, Indians, British, Portuguese

and French intermarried, sang, danced and ate together, played together and prayed together. Their unaltered happiness was to me an encouraging symbol in today's troubled world.

When my coach, Percy Cerutti, and I flew into Los Angeles we felt very much like innocents abroad. We were installed at the Sheraton Hotel in a suite of rooms bigger than my home in Perth.

"Hey, Percy," I joked when the porter opened our door, "you go in that direction and I'll go in this and if we lose contact I'll see you tomorrow morning at breakfast."

We were dined and fêted in America until we felt like wealthy potentates; yet I found the surfeit of luxury so tedious that I was soon craving my normal routine of plain living. American food is soft, mushy and much too highly seasoned. I was confronted with about 10 different varieties of dressing for my salads and the potatoes were mixed with so many other foods that they were unrecognizable and, in my opinion, ruined. I lost count of the number of times I was offered hot doughnuts, waffles and cakes for breakfast when all I wanted was honest-to-goodness ham and eggs.

My admiration for the average American's big thinking, initiative, commercial enthusiasm and charm is boundless. In so many spheres he is decades ahead of his Australian counterpart, but in the basic things he has lost his sense of proportion. Modern society revolves around the family; in America, because family life is unsound, the whole society is sick. Overemphasis is given to luxury. The women want their own cars; they want all the household gear that opens and shuts by pushbutton control. If their men can't earn enough to give them these amenities the women hire someone to look after their kids and go out to make the necessary money themselves. As a consequence, women tend to regard themselves as equals in the American home. In most homes they appear

continued



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### MOLLYCODDLES *continued*

almost to be the bosses. But nobody is really happy. The women are not happy because they are not being slightly dominated, as nature ordained they should be. The men are not happy because they are being dominated, also defying nature's law. When a wife is completely dependent upon her husband, their marriage is more likely to be successful.

It is difficult trying to impress upon Americans that money is not so important in this life as the simple pleasures that generally cost nothing. They have lost touch with the simple pleasures. An Australian family will go to the beach and be content to eat sandwiches on the sand, a European will take his family bicycling in the country with a hamper of bread and cheese and a bottle of wine. An American, after taking his family to the beach, climbs into a flashy late-model car and drives them to a luxury restaurant for a meal! Does he enjoy his outing as much as the Australian and European?

### No bread and cheese and wine

Few American men, once they leave college, bother about physical exercise, in marked contrast to Australian men, who are sport-conscious from cradle to grave. I was disturbed also by the quantity of rye and bourbon that the Americans drink, which must be symptomatic of their discontent. Now I believe that you can tell a tree by its fruits. And the fact that the Americans in recent years have not produced many outstanding distance runners is directly attributable to their soft way of life. They are not a hardy race of people, whereas the Australians, Norwegians, Russians and English are.

In facilities, few nations can match America. No matter how complete these facilities, though, they cannot offset the national characteristics of softness and complacency. In some ways America's outlook reminds me of those personal tendencies I try to guard against. To reach that pinnacle of achievement where you're accepted as a leader you must be tenacious and determined. Once there, it's natural to relax and rest on your laurels. Having reached its pinnacle, as it were, America lacks the aggression and initiative of smaller countries, who love nothing better than succeeding occasionally in knocking her off her perch. The fact that America still produces over-all the world's best sprinters,



high jumpers, pole vaulters and shotputters shows that her people are capable of explosive bursts of energy and enthusiasm, qualities that make her businessmen so effective. But sprinters and field-games men do not have to train as grueling as middle-distance and distance runners. Twenty 100- or 200-yard bursts in a night may tire a sprinter, they don't wring his lungs out as a 10-mile run would. On the whole, Americans are not suited temperamentally to any race beyond the 880 yards.

Early in February 1959 I made another trip to America and Canada to collect several trophies commemorating 1958 performances. I returned from America after this fleeting visit with three of my earlier impressions confirmed. The average American, even more than the average Australian, can never sit back and say to his wife, "Well, at last everything is ours." He's constantly in debt to the hire-purchase companies. He cannot bear anything to be old-fashioned, and once he thinks it is he'll trade it in for a more modern version. I cannot believe that this unrelenting urge to possess newer, shiner chattels encouraged by big business makes him happy. Most Americans know little about Australia, and the knowledge they do have they've gleaned through the exploits of such sportsmen as Frank Seligman, Lew Hoad, John Konrads and Jack Brabham. If you were to tell them that the traffic in Collins Street was halted occasionally by a stray kangaroo they'd believe you. As the world shrinks with jet travel, they will learn more.

In hospitality the Americans can't be matched by any people in the world, they overwhelm you with kindness, overawe you with extravagance. Yet sometimes there's an insouciant veneer to all their polished charms. They're almost too sweet to be true. On this particular visit it was remarkable how few of the smiling, back-slapping Americans who'd greeted me in 1958 bothered to see me. Naturally, I'm not vain enough to think they should have met me, except that in 1958, when I was competing, they made such a fuss it was embarrassing. "Golly," I would think, "this bloke is so wonderful he'll go through hell and high water to see me the next time I'm here. Maybe we'll have a meal together." And then he doesn't even show up! When someone smiles and shakes my hand as though he means it, I take him for a friend, but in America it merely seems to be the correct thing to do.

END

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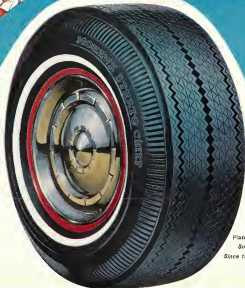


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## An exotic soup that helps hold the waistline

**G**azpacho," Alice B. Toklas was told in a Seville bookstore during one of her trips with Gertrude Stein, "is eaten in Spain only by peasants and Americans." The writer and her friend had tried this floating salad in Málaga and Seville, and the search for a recipe had, as Miss Toklas put it, "unquestionably become of greater importance than Grecos and Zurbaráns, than cathedrals and museums." And well it might, for *gazpacho* is not only as cool and refreshing in summer heat as *vichyssoise* or *sénégalaise* but has virtually none of the calories that make these chilled soups objectionable to the diet-minded.

An earlier visitor to Spain from France, Théophile Gautier, was less pleased with the dish than the Misses Stein and Toklas. "This *gazpacho* is worthy of a special description," he wrote. "Athome,

a dog of any breeding would refuse to sully its nose with such a compromising mixture." But he went on: "It is the favourite dish of the Andalusians, and the prettiest women do not shrink from swallowing bowlfuls of this hell-broth of an evening . . . strange as it may seem the first time one tastes it, one ends by getting used to it and even liking it."

The origins of *gazpacho* go back to Biblical times. Bezai at mealtime invited Ruth to dip her bread into a *gazpacho*. This was also the *posca* (from *potus et erco*, food and drink) that formed part of the rations of the Roman soldiers and was brought by them into North Africa and Spain. Greek writers mentioned *ôvzαρρωv* as long ago as 60 A.D.

Strongly scented with herbs, its olive oil base mixed with water or a light consommé to make an amber background

for the vegetables floating in it, *gazpacho* is just as fresh and healthful as it looks on a hot summer day. A food rich in vitamins, it generates energy and holds the waistline. Its only high-calorie ingredient is one-third of a cup of olive oil, and it is divided among four persons—about 150 calories each.

Not the least of *gazpacho*'s charms is that it is easy to assemble (a proper word, since it is not cooked). Its main ingredients are herbs (as many as you like, but all must be fresh), olive oil, garlic and lemon juice. Anything good from the garden can be added, the more important vegetables being sweet peppers, cucumbers and tomatoes—all fresh-picked, if possible.

In preparing it, the most important thing to remember is that the oil, garlic, herbs and lemon juice should be mixed thoroughly together into a thick marinade before the water or consommé is added. The finished soup must be served very cold. *Gazpacho* can be carried in thermos containers on picnics and camping trips, and it is especially useful for the hostess who wants to keep her guests occupied, and more or less sober, while she is getting the steaks ready at a cook-out. A big tureen of it, to be served in cups with toasted crusts, makes a good appetizer. If the *gazpacho* loses a popularity contest with the dry Martini or Scotch on the rocks, don't throw it away. Ripened, and kept chilled, it can serve as a fine remedy the following morning for hangovers.

Photograph by Irvin Horowitz

### GAZPACHO: COOL AND HEALTHFUL

Mixed handful of fresh herbs—parsley, chives, dill, tarragon, basil or others to suit your taste  
2 cloves garlic, minced  
1/4 cup olive oil  
Juice of 1 lemon

Salt, pepper, Spanish paprika  
4 cups water or clear chicken broth  
1 mild onion, thinly sliced in rings  
1 green pepper, thinly sliced  
2 tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped  
1 cup diced peeled cucumber

*Chop the herbs and mix with the garlic. Put in a soup tureen; add the oil slowly, stirring, and then the lemon juice and seasonings. Pour in the water or broth, and add the onion, green pepper and tomatoes. Chill for at least four hours, preferably overnight. Keep the cucumber in the icebox, and shortly before serving dice it and add to the soup. Serves four.*

**SUNNY STILL LIFE** of *gazpacho* ingredients includes garlic, lemon, tomato, onion, green pepper, cucumber, peppercorns, Spanish paprika and assorted herbs—and, in the background, the olive oil that is the base of the soup. Other vegetables and herbs may be added to suit the taste.

## The NCAA visits the wild East

**For the first time in 40 years, the collegiate championships were held on the Atlantic seaboard. Seven records later, everyone—or almost everyone—conceded it wasn't such a bad idea after all**

In selecting a site for its annual track and field championships, the National Collegiate Athletic Association has always shunned Eastern Daylight Time as though it were computed on a slow stop watch. The best place to hold a track meet, as almost anyone knows, is in the West, and the farther west the better.

But last weekend, for the first time in the NCAA's 39-year history, the college boys were finally lured east to spend two days running and jumping and throwing things around Franklin Field, which is part of the University of Pennsylvania, which is in Philadelphia—West Philadelphia. By the time they had completed their chores, some amazing results were noted. It didn't snow once. The ry on the neighboring walls proved to be of a nontoxic variety. All gangs dealing in stolen shotguns had been run out of town, presumably along with Blinky Palermo, and not one California coach was found floating, stop watch stopped, in the Delaware River.

As a matter of fact, it was rather a good meet. There were a number of brilliant races, seven records were set, and the University of Southern California departed with its 21st team championship, right on schedule.

There were complaints, of course, about the old cinder track at Franklin Field, which was first laid down in 1895 and has hardly been disturbed since, except to drag a few spike-scarred bodies away each spring after the Penn Relays. A number of people ran over it very well, however. Dwyer Burleson of Oregon, warming up for his duel with Jim Beatty in the National AAU mile at Randall's Island in New York this weekend, idled along for three laps, then scampered off to disappear from the rest of the field and win in 4:00.5. By running the last

quarter mile in 54.7 seconds, the deeply bronzed boy with the strange, scuttling stride broke Ron Delany's NCAA record of 4:03.5 without half trying.

"I really didn't intend to run that fast," said Burleson, who is so much better than other collegians that he is almost ashamed to run against them. "I was trying to keep the pace slow, so our other two milers, Keith Forman and George Larson, would have a better chance." But even though his tactics were successful—Forman finished third behind Bill Dooson of Kansas, and Larson finished sixth—Burleson was a bit disappointed once he heard the time.

"If I had known I was going to come that close," he said, "I'd have run a four-minute mile for these nice people here." Since Burleson has already run three sub-four-minute miles, including the world's best time for 1961 of 3:57.6, this was not entirely conceit. He plans to run 3:56 this summer and 3:54 before another year is out, which would break Herb Elliott's world record and provide as adequate and concise an answer to the Cambridge philosopher (see page 36) as any American could hope to give.

### Two for Frank Budd

Another who ran well was Frank Budd of Villanova, the meet's only double winner. This has been a subpar year for sprinters born in the U.S., but there is nothing subpar about Budd. As a small boy in Asbury Park, N.J., Budd was a polio victim, and he reached college with a right knee and calf considerably less sturdy than his left. To build up Budd's right leg, Jumbo Elliott of Villanova put the youngster on a heavy schedule of exercises, one of which consisted of running up and down the stadium seats. On Saturday, Budd appeared

ready to run up the stadium seats and right out of the park. He won the 220 around a turn by three yards over his good Villanova teammate, Paul Drayton, in 20.8 seconds; he won the 100 by more than a yard from Harry Jerome of Oregon in 9.4.

Budd has equaled the world record of 9.3 for the 100 twice this year, and he was happy to win so easily over Jerome, who is from Canada, and who has also run 9.3. His only disappointment was the absence of Dennis Johnson, San Jose State's injured Jamaican sprinter who has done 9.3 four times this year. "I was hoping to get this thing settled," said Budd.

Pat Clohesy, an Australian who is part of the University of Houston's foreign legion, set a three-mile record of 13:47.7, and John Lawler, another Australian who somehow found himself one day attending classes at Athlete Christian College, set a 3,000-meter steeplechase record of 9:01.1. In the absence of Southern California's injured Rex Cawley, Occidental's Dixon Farmer raced off with the 440-yard hurdles in 50.8. Since this is a new NCAA distance for the intermediate hurdles, Farmer's fine performance stands as a record, too.

The two best races of the meet neither threatened any records nor resembled each other in the slightest. One was close, the other a completely unexpected runaway. The first was the 440-yard dash, and the reason Adolph Plummer of New Mexico failed to break a record is that the NCAA mark for the quarter mile is also the best ever run in the world, Glenn Davis' 45.7 in 1958. But Plummer, a big powerful 23-year-old Air Force veteran from Brooklyn who went to New Mexico after learning to run in North Africa, turned in the best time of his life, 46.2 seconds, and defeated one of the meet's big favorites, Abilene Christian's Earl Young.

"I knew Young was the one I had to beat," said Plummer. "I watched him in the preliminaries on Friday, and then I



**FIBER-GLASS POLE** bends like a bow as the world record holder, George Davies, springs toward a tie for the NCAA title.

ran against him in the first semifinal heat. So I knew about what to expect. I figured the race would be won on the last curve, and I decided to run it harder than he did.

"It's funny," he went on. "It didn't work out like that at all. They say the good Lord watches over fools and little babies, and I'm sure no baby."

#### **First 220 too slow**

Plummer won the race because Young ran his first 220 too slowly. Young misjudged the pace—he was three lanes inside of Plummer on the strangely staggered track—and when he suddenly realized what was happening it was too late to do anything about it, though he tried. He blazed into the curve, passing the weaker runners as though they were standing still, and passing the strong ones, too. He went by Norm Monroe of Oregon State, who was to finish fourth, he went by Walter Johnson of North Carolina College, who had run 46.3 just a few weeks earlier, who was to finish third; then, at the top of the stretch, he caught Plummer—and inched ahead. But the effort had been too great; 20 yards from the finish Young began to wobble, and Plummer, driving desperately, caught him at the tape. A picture from the Bulova Phototimer was needed to determine the winner.

Both Plummer and Young were timed in 46.2. Johnson and Monroe ran 46.4, Jimmy Wedderburn of NYU ran 46.8, and Jim Baker of Missouri ran 46.9 in sixth place. It was one of the most exciting quarter-mile races ever seen. "I just got beat," said Young. "He ran a better race, and I got beat. Maybe next Saturday..."

Next Saturday John Bork of Western Michigan will be 22 years old. Last Saturday he won the NCAA 880 in 1:48.3, which is one of the better times in the world this year. It is strange that Bork should win the 880 because he had never really considered that his race. "Two years ago," said the young man from Detroit, "I was a quarter-miler. Last year I figured my best chance would be in the 400-meter hurdles, but I never could get the rhythm somehow. This year I just started running the half mile."

He ran 1:49 two weeks before the collegiate meet and suddenly found himself a co-favorite along with Michigan's

Lithuanian-born Ergas Leps. It was to be a tactical race, and everyone knew the tactics: Bork, a front runner, would go out with Drake's Charles Durant and try to hold on, Leps, a great finisher, would come from behind. Naturally. Except that Leps went out early and Bork found himself at the tail end of the parade, trapped and pocketed and going nowhere. In fury at his own clumsy race, Bork burst out of the pack on the backstretch of the second lap, pounded up even with Durant and Leps and kept right on going. He led by five yards into the curve, he led by 10 yards coming out of the curve, by 15 yards in the straightaway, and by almost 20 yards at the tape.

Not all of the big performances or records were restricted to running events. Dallas Long of USC, the huge, blond jump of muscle who held the old collegiate shotput record of 61 feet 9 inches, broke that easily with a 63-foot, 3½-inch heave. His teammate, Luther Hayes, raised his own hop, step and jump record to 51 feet 2¼ inches. John Thomas cleared seven feet in the high jump, found himself tied with Southern Cal's Bob Avant, and jumped again, at 7 feet 2. He left the bar bouncing gently on the standards—but still up there—for another record. It was the first time in a collegiate meet that two men had gone seven feet.

It was also the first time in a college meet, or anywhere else, that eight pole vaulters did 15 feet. Three of them—George Davies of Oklahoma State, the new world-record holder at 15 feet 10¼ inches, Dick Gear of San Jose State and Jim Brewer of Southern Cal—then went to 15 feet 4 inches and a three-way tie for first.

As the meet came to an end, a University of Pennsylvania official, thinking of the new records and the fine races that had been run on old Franklin Field, smiled. "The facilities," he said with some pride, "couldn't have been too bad."

"I would be more inclined," replied a California coach, "to attribute the results to some pretty good boys running around down there. No telling what they might have done out West."

The East may not get another NCAA track and field championship for 39 more years.

**END**

## The end of an anomaly

**At Le Mans, America's Phil Hill won his second 24-hour race—the last for prototype cars**

With last week's rain-soaked, fog-drenched Le Mans 24-hour auto race the checkered flag fell for the last time on a strange sports car anomaly—the bug "prototype" cars that appeared in 1949 at the postwar resumption of this highest and grandest of the world's road events. Some 200,000 persons, in a traditional Le Mans cork-popping frame of mind, went out to see the final swift rites. What they saw was the highest expression—or lowest, depending on one's

all. The rule makers yearned for the old days when Le Mans could, in all its variety, be called a test of a manufacturer's showroom product and a goad to him to improve it. But as ultrasophisticated Mercedes and Jaguars and Ferraris and the like took to the Le Mans and other racecourses under the guise of prototype models, the public developed a taste for them, and the rule makers came up with some weird compromises that pleased no one. Let there be full-width windshields, they said at one point, and this resulted, among other things, in as hideous a piece of grotesquerie as Le Mans has seen—the "birdcage" Maseratis with "windshield" extending from nose to

All the while the prototypes were winning Le Mans's over-all prize, of course, a number of touring cars (often called "production" cars) were among the Le Mans competitors, racing for awards in their own categories. Whether little, low-priced MGs or larger, elegant Ferraris, these bread-and-butter cars will no doubt continue to wage the battle of the showrooms at Le Mans. And if a strict touring-car rule is adopted when the FIA makes its code specific later in the year, presumably Ferrari will have a big jump on its rivals. Today no other competitive model races so successfully.

Indeed, as the blunt, intense American Phil Hill and his Belgian co-driver, Olivier Gendebien, handily won this year's over-all honors in their flame-red prototype, a Grand Touring Ferrari driven by Britain's ace of aces, Stirling Moss, and his fast-improving countryman, Graham Hill, at one point nosed up among the other prototypes into third place. Their car broke down with half the race yet to be run—but another GT Ferrari, driven by Frenchmen Pierre Noblet and Jean Guichet, did not break down and finished third.

Moss and Hill were not the only drivers seduced; rarely before had there been so many failures, mechanical and otherwise, removing 34 of the 55 starters. Most of the drivers thus dismounted could profitably take lessons from "Pheel Heel," as he is known to the Continent, and that cool *boulevardier*, Gendebien. They have what might be called the Astute touch—a light yet decisive manner permitting them to baby their cars at race-winning straightaway and cornering speeds. Gendebien has now shared the Le Mans victory three times and Hill twice. Both drivers have also won at Sebring three times.

Hill's performance wasn't the only cause for cheers from this side of the Atlantic. Dick Thompson, the Washington dentist, and brewer heir Augie Pabst of Milwaukee placed a prototype Maserati fourth, behind the three leading Ferraris. Next were Kansas City's young pro Masten Gregory and Bob Holbert, an amateur from Pennsylvania. They drove the smaller prototype Porsche. Moreover, until mechanical ills put their prototype Ferrari out toward the end, the young Rodriguez brothers of Mexico City made an exciting run at Hill and Gendebien. The winning cars may still be European, but the drivers are coming in increasing numbers from across the sea.



WINNING FERRARI PROTOTYPE HAS SUPERWINDSHIELD, TWO-STORY TAIL

point of view—of the controversial prototype idea. The winning front-engined Ferrari set a new speed record of 115.8 mph for 24 hours, and the field included an even faster but as yet unproved rear-engined Ferrari special.

Under the prototype rule manufacturers were permitted to enter cars which supposedly were the forerunners of Grand Touring, or road model, machines. Sometimes the road models actually were built—but not often. Italy's Enzo Ferrari himself, the grizzled builder of the cars now dominating both Grand Prix and sports car racing, has correctly labeled the prototype "a racing car with two seats."

It was only the shortage of suitable touring cars following the war that caused these deviates to be admitted at

cowl. Let there be luggage space, they ordered, after which the prototypes erupted ugly bumps and bulges.

In recent months, however, the sporting arm of the FIA, governing body of road racing, has found its courage and decided that prototypes will be barred after 1961. Beginning next year, the world championship for sports cars (decided in a series of races including Le Mans and the American Sebring 12-hour event) will be contested among true Grand Touring cars.

What remains to be seen is whether the FIA will designate cars in full showroom touring trim—such cars as the touring Ferraris, Mercedes, Maseratis, Jaguars and Aston Martins now in more-or-less mass production—or some variant on the Grand Touring theme.





ROWING A FURIOUS BEAT, THE DEFENDING CHAMPIONS PULL OVER THE FINISH LINE ONLY A BOW LENGTH AHEAD OF THEIR RIVALS

## *California does it again*

**Cornell was close, Navy was lost as the Golden Bears won their second straight IRA championship**

Every fall at the University of California a piece of adhesive tape is stuck on the wall where the freshmen line up to register. The tape is at a height of six feet. Whenever the head of a passing boy obscures the white strip a member of California's varsity crew comes up to him and bluntly proposes: "Let's go somewhere quiet and talk about crew and you."

Last week, on the polluted waters of a 4½-mile-long lake just north of Syracuse, N.Y., this informal approach to talent scouting paid off again for California's traditionally powerful oarsmen. For the second year in a row California won the nation's fastest rowing prize, the testing and taxing three-mile Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta on Onondaga Lake. From behind his mirror sunglasses, freckle-faced Jim

Lemmon, the onetime juvenile probation officer who moved up from freshman to varsity coach two years ago, said, "Just put it down that I'm twice blessed. There's no other explanation."

"That guy Lemmon can sure relax about holding his job," said Stork Sanford, whose Cornell crew finished 1.4 seconds behind. "We did everything right, exactly as we planned—with the exception of one tiny detail—we lost."

As a matter of fact, the one-two finish of California and Cornell was not precisely as predicted by any of the experts. Early on the morning of the race, as the 13 varsity crews mobilized on the lake shore to put the final polish on themselves and their racing shells (some rub oil on the fragile boats, some rub it off, the engineers from MIT even sand the factory varnish off their shell, muttering about surface tension factor), the coaches on hand were almost unanimous in picking the University of Washington to win. The threat of unbent Navy, winner of the Eastern Sprints in May,

was suddenly forgotten as word spread that Joe Baldwin, Navy's muscular No. 6, had lost 10 pounds in a bout of severe stomach cramps only a few days before. (The word had not spread, even to Joe himself, that the doctors had diagnosed his cramps as a mild attack of appendicitis. "We know he's well enough to row," confided Coach Paul Quinn, "so we don't want to get him mentally upset at this point by telling him what he had.")

The new threat to the other 12 IRA contenders lay in the crew from Washington, whose giant oarsmen, all of them tall and straight and tough as Douglas firs, ranged in size from a midget of six feet three inches to a titan of six feet six. "With that long-legged load of beef pulling against this 12-knot headwind that all of us are fighting," said one of the eastern coaches, "it's hard to see how the race can go any other way but the Huskies over Navy."

Hard to see or not, the race went another way altogether, thanks to the

*continued*

stubbornness of two other top contenders, neither of which would admit it was out of the running. The husky Huskies, as it turned out, finished in fourth place, dimly behind an unflavored and willow-slim (average weight 177 pounds) crew from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Navy's Middies were never really in the race at all and finished sixth behind a crew from the University of Pennsylvania that hadn't even been mentioned in pre-race conversations. Joe Baldwin, still innocently unaware of his flirtation with appendicitis, tried manfully to shoulder the blame for Navy's debacle. Asked how he felt at the end of the race, he replied stanchly, "I was feeling too good. If I'd been working as hard as I should have, I would have felt terrible."

By the time the varsity race got under way at 4:30, the carnival atmosphere on Onondaga's shore and in the cruisers moored at courseside had reached its peak. Crowds estimated by an enthusiastic Syracuse Chamber of Commerce at upward of 12,000 had gathered on the banks early in the afternoon in time to

see the Washington freshmen sustain their record for an undefeated season in the first race. They already had consumed a generous quantity of beer when Cornell's junior varsity pulled in three lengths ahead of California and Navy in the second race. As the varsity boats lined up at the start, the beer was beginning to seep under the side flaps of the refreshment tents set up by frolicking collegians. A German band was in full basso-profundo voice at Penn's headquarters, and assorted undergraduates were walking on their hands, dancing and stealing kisses.

#### First man over

At the gun, Syracuse got off first. Princeton, California, Cornell, Washington and, for a brief spell, Navy, were close behind. At the first half mile, California and Cornell were fighting past Princeton for the lead (Syracuse was back in the pack by now). Then for one incredible moment Pennsylvania, which had not won an IRA since 1900, moved up to third place. The German band, caught between an "oom" and a "pah," held its breath for an instant, heard the news that Penn was beginning to fade

and went right on as if nothing had happened. From there on out, it was the California boat—triumphantly named the *A-OK* in honor of the space age—holding a slim edge on Cornell all the way. Beating the water at 42 strokes per minute to Cornell's longer stroke of 38, California finished so fast that its bowman, Jack Matkon, lost his grip on his oar just 20 strokes from the finish and barely recovered it in time. "That's a hell of a way to wind up my rowing career," said the senior, "but I guess it doesn't matter now. I was still the first man over the line."

There was fun and there was plenty of beer on the banks of the Thames River as well, 300 miles away in New London, Conn., where the other big boat race of the week was being held. The only trouble there was that there was no race. Rated virtually even with its ancient rival before the race began, a smoothly pulling Harvard crew covered the four-mile yacht-lined course a good 29.5 seconds faster than Yale. The seven-and-a-half-length defeat was the worst ever suffered by either crew in the 109-year history of the race. **END**

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## A fast 500

A few days before last month's Indianapolis 500-mile auto race, Rodger Ward, winner in 1959 and second in 1960, was visibly nervous. His trouble, however, was not the forthcoming race. He was on television playing bridge. Actually Ward had better reason to be frightened by the "500" than by his bridge, which is almost as good as his driving.

The program was Easley Blackwood's *Bridge Hour*, a locally produced show starring the inventor of the four no-trump convention who, when he isn't thinking about bridge, is an Indianapolis insurance executive. Ward and I were playing against Blackwood and one of his favorite partners, Stanley McComas. Bidding boldly, Ward forced the contract to 11 tricks on a hand that appeared to include three losers. Here is how he made one of these losers vanish into thin air.

Both sides vulnerable  
East dealer

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
EAST	SOUTH (Ward)	WEST	NORTH (Goren)
1♠	PASS	1♥	DBL
PASS	3♠	PASS	3♠
PASS	4♠	PASS	3♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: deuce of diamonds

The average player is rarely so disciplined that he will stay out of the bidding with an eight-card suit, but an immediate overcall with the South hand is not sound tactics. Ward correctly stayed off the pace until he could see how the bidding would shape up. When I found the strength for a take-out double with the North cards, however, he skipped immediately to three clubs. Had I then bid three no trump, we would have had an easy game—but no story. When, instead, I bid the five-card spade suit, Ward went on to four clubs. We were now at the point of no return, but in television bridge one is less conservative than one might be in a tournament and I carried on to put Ward in game at clubs.

After the opening lead of the diamond deuce, when I put down the dummy it was apparent that declarer had an immediate loser in diamonds and potential losers in spades and hearts as well. But Ward made excellent use of the fact that his singleton diamond happened to be the 8-spot.

He played low from dummy, and East took home the diamond queen. A heart return by East looks best, but actually would have had little effect on the hand. In fact, East returned the jack of trumps, and declarer let it ride to dummy's ace.

Ward knew that East must have the diamond ace, so he led dummy's diamond king. East covered and Ward trumped. Now, no matter who held the diamond jack, the contract was assured. Ward returned to dummy with the 10 of clubs and led the 10 of diamonds, discarding a heart from his hand. West won the trick with the jack, but the diamond 9 was established as a parking place for South's second spade. By giving up two diamonds instead of the one he was sure to lose, South established a diamond winner that furnished his 11th trick.

"Where do you think you'll finish in the '500'?" Rodger was asked. "I can't answer that," the racing star replied (he finished third). "But I know where I want the 500 to finish. Right above the line in our score—where you will kindly chalk up the 500 bonus for game and rubber."

### EXTRA TRICK

Sometimes, the only way to avoid more losers than you can afford is by throwing one loser on another, meanwhile building up a trick that will take care of still a third. Even a heart return by East would not have stopped Ward's club game. He would win in dummy, lead the king of diamonds through and ruff out East's ace. Next he would cash the king of clubs, lead to dummy's ace and play the diamond 10, discarding the heart that he would have to lose anyway.

END



# 'SEX, SLAUGHTER AND SMOKE!'

*These are three of the things wrong with the world, according to Colonel Isidor Bieber, a member of horse racing's most intriguing partnership. While the colonel thinks his profound thoughts, the other partner, Trainer Hirsch Jacobs, goes on adding to racing's best winning record*

by GERALD HOLLAND

**S**ex, slaughter and smoke," Colonel Isidor Bieber said as he followed Hirsch Jacobs into Barn 8 at New York's Aqueduct race track. "There's three things wrong with your world today." Jacobs, who has saddled more than 3,100 winners, a record unmailed by any other trainer in the history of Thoroughbred racing, said nothing. He proceeded at once with his usual late-afternoon inspection of the 40-odd horses stabled in Barn 8.

The two men, for more than 30 years the compatible but incongruous partners in the Bieber-Jacobs Stable, one of racing's most successful enterprises, were a study in contrasts as they walked about the barn.

Colonel Bieber, taller than Jacobs, 17 years his senior, might have stepped from the cast of *Gyps and Dolls*, the

Broadway and Hollywood musical of a few years ago. He wore a powder-blue suit with wide chalk stripes, a checkered shirt, a white tie and a sporty, snap-brim hat. Yet, despite his costume, there was a scholarly dignity about him, a certain aloofness, the air of a onetime man of action now withdrawn into the contemplation of larger ideas than can be found in a horse barn.

Jacobs, 57, a little under average height, stockily built, his blue eyes bright and clear, his hair as red and thick as it ever was, wore a conservative business suit and looked the man of action that he is, a man most celebrated for the magic he has worked in restoring bad-legged horses to the condition that enables them to race—and win—again.

He had not reacted to Colonel Bieber's pronouncement

*continued*

*Colonel Bieber cracks a steely eye at the world's problems, which he attacks in the names he gives his horses.*

on the state of the world. For one thing, the colonel's views on global matters have long been well known to him and, furthermore, the colonel had not been addressing his remarks to him. Bieber was expressing a few of his opinions for the benefit of a visitor who was writing them down in a notebook.

As Jacobs proceeded briskly from stall to stall, Colonel Bieber held back and peered down at the notebook.

"Do you follow me?" he asked.

"I think so," said the visitor, flipping back a page. "Let me just do a little recap here. Sex, as I understand you, is being overdone in foreign movies, especially by actresses like Sophia Loren, and also in novels by people like William Faulkner."

"Correct," said Colonel Bieber, "and don't forget the tie-in with the population explosion."

"Now, slaughter," the colonel con-

tinued, "is self-explanatory. War and the rumors of war, that sort of thing. I named a horse Hate War to get that point over. The idea is that we should hate war but not our fellow man."

"World brotherhood, in other words," suggested the visitor.

"That's the ticket," said the colonel, who has not spoken to his own brother, Phil, a horse trainer, for years. They communicate, when absolutely necessary, by writing notes to each other.

"Well," said the visitor, "that brings us to smoke. Am I to understand that you think people are smoking entirely too much these days?"

"Anybody who smokes at all," said the colonel firmly, "is smoking too much. I've tried to get that message across with some of our horses. I named horses Don't Smoke, Puffaway Sister and Kansirette. Then there was one I called Set an Example, which I hoped would persuade smoking mothers to give up the habit and in that way set

a good example for their children."

"Have you noticed any decrease in smoking at the race tracks as a result of your campaign, Colonel?"

"Frankly, no," said the colonel, "and I'm very concerned. I just don't see how the younger generation is going to stand up in battle with all that nicotine in their systems."

The colonel's strong views on smoking have kept him from seeing much of another brother, Herman, 78. Herman greatly admires the colonel, but he is a heavy cigar smoker and cannot break the habit.

The visitor was frowning over his notes. "Something eating you?" asked the colonel.

"Well, yes," said the visitor, "the three things wrong with the world. Sex, slaughter and smoke. Where does inflation fit in there? I know you feel that's a great evil because you named one of your horses Fight Inflation."

The colonel rubbed his chin. "You're absolutely correct," he said. "As Bernard Baruch says, 'Inflation can be more deadly than the atom bomb.' Still, if you just add the word inflation to sex, slaughter and smoke the punch would be gone."

"You want to preserve the alliteration, you want a word starting with s."

"Give me a minute here," said the colonel, clasping his hands behind his back and staring up at the roof of the horse barn.

"Stupidity!" blurted the colonel suddenly, throwing out his arms. "Inflation is certainly stupid, so let's say that there are four things wrong with the world today—sex, slaughter, smoke and stupidity! How's that?"

"Perfect," said the visitor, writing it down. "That's got a real ring to it."

Colonel Bieber walked down a row of stalls to where Hirsch Jacobs and his 26-year-old son and first assistant, John, stood watching a 2-year-old filly named Memories Dear eating her oats with good appetite.

"She's certainly calmed down fine," John Jacobs was saying. "When we brought her up from Maryland you couldn't get near her. We had to put a twitch on her lip before we could work on her feet."

"She looks fine," said Hirsch Jacobs.

Jacobs looks out over his Maryland farm, where yearlings are broken and trained.



As is his custom in the presence of horses, he began humming a tinny-voiced tune.

"Who's this one?" inquired Colonel Bieber.

"This is Memories Dear," said Hirsch Jacobs.

"Oh, yes," said the colonel.

They walked along and crossed over to the other line of stalls. Jacobs stopped in front of a big handsome chestnut colt who looked at him and yawned.

"Doesn't this horse yawn an awful lot?" he was asked.

"I never saw a good horse who wasn't a great yawner," said Jacobs.

"He won't touch his hay," a groom said.

Jacobs studied the bundle of hay hanging outside the stall, and then he said, "Maybe he doesn't like this particular hay. Go get him some fresh hay out of another batch."

"Yes, sir," said the groom, taking down the hay and hurrying away.

It was a small, but significant, demonstration of Jacobs' way with horses. After sending more than 20,000 of them to the races, Hirsch Jacobs is surprised by nothing a horse does or refuses to do. (As it turned out a few minutes later, he was right about the original hay not being quite to the horse's taste.)

"Who's this fellow?" asked Colonel Bieber.

"This is Dr. Miller, Beehee," said Hirsch Jacobs. The colonel is called Beehee or Izzy by his intimates, but he does not encourage these familiarities from people he knows only slightly.

"Oh yes, Dr. Miller, of course," said Colonel Bieber.

Dr. Miller is the best the Bieber-Jacobs Stable had to offer in the big 3-year-old stakes this year. He ran fourth in the Derby, he won the three-horse Preakness Prep, finished fourth in the Preakness and fifth in the Belmont. Up to this afternoon he had more than paid for his feed and travel bills with total winnings this year of \$30,197.

Colonel Bieber's failure to recognize his own horses (his and Jacobs', that is) does not mean that there is anything wrong with his memory or his vision. He can rattle off past performances read-

ily enough, and he can recite the order of finishes in races run years ago. The explanation probably is that his mind is so filled with larger problems that there is just no room in it for mental pictures of horses. Horses' names, yes, but not the horses themselves. (Colonel Bieber does not name all the horses. The Jacobs family names many of them, usually for friends—like Dr. Miller, a California physician—or for each other: Our Dad, Dear Mother, Our Patrie, Tanker Tom, Globetrotter John.)

Whereas Colonel Bieber has trouble telling one horse from another, Hirsch Jacobs has a phenomenal eye for them. It is said that he could call a race without the aid of binoculars. Not only can he recognize his own horses a city block away (he could do the same thing with racing pigeons when he was a boy in Brooklyn), but he has an uncanny memory for other people's horses and an amazing knack for spotting latent abil-

ities in runners whose owners have given up on them.

In Barn 8, Hirsch Jacobs had satisfied himself that everything was under control. It would not be necessary, as it is sometimes, for him to return after dinner and sit up with an ailing horse.

Walking briskly, with short, quick strides, Jacobs started for the door, his son John at his side, the colonel following a little behind.

"Hirsch," called the colonel, "I am wearing my cheap \$20 shoes again and it's like walking on air. Those \$103 shoes of mine kill me."

"Beehee," said Jacobs over his shoulder, "wears his \$103 shoes on the days he expects everything to go wrong. That way he knows he can count on at least one pleasure—taking off the shoes."

Isidor Bieber is a lifelong bachelor, Hirsch Jacobs a devoted family man. Jacobs was a poor boy in Brooklyn, one of 10 children of a New York tailor,

*continued*

*Patrice Jacobs enjoys a season with the horse she has named Looking Forward.*



when Bieber was already a legendary figure along Broadway, a broker in tickets for the hit shows and big sporting events. While Jacobs was racing pigeons for small side bets, Bieber was a big-time gambler who once won \$112,000 in one afternoon at the races, then lost \$80,000 of it betting on Jack Sharkey to beat Jack Dempsey.

Now, leaving Barn 8, they walked to John Jacobs' car. Hirsch Jacobs and the visitor sat in the back and Colonel Bieber sat up front because he would be the first out. John Jacobs tuned in the radio for a Bill Stern broadcast. Stern had called to say he would deliver an "editorial" on Jacobs that evening.

It was quite an editorial. Stern reviewed the case of the Bieber-Jacobs horse, Keep Ideals, who, after winning a race at Aqueduct, was found to have been stimulated. Jacobs had been promptly exonerated in the case, but it was still a tender subject. Bill Stern made it a springboard for a ringing tribute to Jacobs, so enthusiastic that Jacobs himself seemed a little embarrassed. Stern told of Jacobs' having been investigated time and again through the years, simply because his horses won so frequently. He said there was no finer character in racing, no more admirable citizen, no more splendid human being than Hirsch. He concluded by saying that if racing ever needed a czar, a man of the highest integrity, it could do no better than to choose Hirsch Jacobs.

When it was over, everyone was silent, and then Hirsch Jacobs said, "Well, he didn't knock me."

John Jacobs pulled up before a rambling house of brick and stucco in Forest Hills where Colonel Bieber lives with his sister and her husband. As he got out of the car, the colonel turned to the visitor with the notebook and said, "Got all the information you want?"

"As a matter of fact, no," said the visitor. "I'd like to drop in on you tomorrow evening and ask you something about your war record—I understand that you went into the Army in World War I as a buck private and rose to your present rank of colonel."

"You're all wrong there," said the colonel. "I went in as a private and came out as a private. Be here at 7.30."

The conversation turned to Hirsch Jacobs' early days as a pigeon raiser. "Almost every kid in the neighborhood was interested in keeping pigeons when I was growing up," said Jacobs. "The importance of pigeons in my case was that they put me in touch with people who were also interested in horses."

"One of the people I met this way was Charley Ferraro. He was a builder. He got me into the East New York Homing Club. I was only 12 years old at the time, but they elected me racing secretary and treasurer."

"Then in the early '20s Charley began taking me out to the race tracks. I was then 17 or 18. I liked racing from the beginning. I studied the methods of the trainers, and after a while I went to Ferraro and said, 'Charley, this is easy.'"

Almost from the beginning Hirsch Jacobs made it look that way. He claimed his first horse, Reveillon, in 1926 and won \$700 with him. In 1927 he acquired a couple of horses that Ferraro had been training in Cuba for two Canadian owners. It was in Cuba that Jacobs met Isidor Bieber for the first time (as Bieber remembers it, he had seen Jacobs, "a red-headed kid," around the Jamaica track before that) and later on, when Hirsch was racing at Balmbridge Park in Cleveland, Bieber sent him four horses to sell. Jacobs handled the assignment, then with Bieber he repurchased one of the four, a horse named Jack Buener. With that deal the partnership was born, Jacobs furnishing the training know-how and Bieber the better part of the bank roll.

Jacobs' theory about conditioning horses was simple enough on the face of it. He insists to this day that there's nothing to it except common sense. He would watch the horses in claiming races, go after the ones that seemed to have potential (the catch here was that Hirsch Jacobs could see or sense potential where other trainers and owners couldn't) and buy those bad-legged horses that appeared to have a chance of being brought back into shape. Then, once a horse had responded to Jacobs' trial-and-error, common-sense conditioning, he would run the horse as often as possible. That has remained the cardinal rule down

through the years. ("It's better to run a horse than to work him approximately the same distance," he says. "And there's actually less chance of a horse getting hurt in a race than in a workout.")

The system soon began to pay off. Jacobs and Bieber acquired more and more cheap horses and, as one race track veteran puts it, "ran them like a fleet of taxicabs." In 1936 Jacobs bought a horse with a bowed tendon and a reputation for being wild. He was the 7-year-old Action, and Jacobs brought him around, physically and emotionally, with the result that he won 11 of his 13 starts that season, including four stakes.

The big break came in 1943. "In the spring of that year," Jacobs recalls, "I noticed this chestnut colt with splendid conformation in the paddock one day. He was a son of Equestrian, who was by one of my favorites, Equipse."

"A few days later I noticed his name—Stymie—in the entries. He was owned by King Ranch and trained by Max Hirsch. The claiming price was \$1,500. I got on down to the track just in time to claim him."

Under Jacobs, Stymie became one of the great horses of all time, the darling of the New York racing crowds, the winner of purses totaling \$918,485—a hard-cash stake that enabled the Bieber-Jacobs partnership to branch out into breeding and acquire their 283-acre horse farm at Monkton, Maryland. They gratefully named it Stymie Manor.

John Jacobs turned into the driveway behind the 10-room, red-brick Georgian house in which the family has lived for the past 23 years. There were three other cars in the garage, a Thunderbird and two green Cadillacs (Hirsch Jacobs is superstitious about green Cadillacs and will have no other kind).

John Jacobs opened the garage doors with a remote-control device in his car. The Jacobses are gadget-happy. Their home is equipped with elaborate burglar and fire-alarm systems. There are five television sets and 14 radios scattered around, a movie projector and a big screen, uncounted cameras.

Inside the house Hirsch Jacobs kissed his "owners," his wife Ethel and his 24-year-old daughter Patrice. Most of the

*continued*



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YOU CAN HAVE BETTER PICTURES BUT FIRST THERE MUST BE ANSO

Bieber-Jacobs horses run under the emerald-green and salmon-pink colors of Patrice and her mother. The horses actually are leased to them and remain the property of the Bieber-Jacobs Stable.

At dinner the Jacobeses made a handsome family portrait. Tommy, 20, the youngest, looks like a young Montgomery Clift; after a stretch in the service he has definitely made up his mind to be a trainer and rides a pony every morning as he leads the horses out in sets. Patrice is as animated and pretty as Debbie Reynolds. John, 26, is the image of his father. The parents, both looking younger than their years, radiate a kind of serenity that is rare among people whose fortunes are tied to the vagaries of the running horse.

The talk was mostly of horses, with Patrice questioning her father and her brothers knowledgeably about those that were ailing. Mrs. Jacobs did not have a joke to tell, but she often does, and if it is in dialect, everyone is convulsed.

Mary, the cook, took her time as she passed things around the table, listening to the gossip from the stables. Since she went to work for the Jacobs family she, too, has become emotionally involved with their horses. She made a trip to Baltimore on her own to see Dr. Miller run in the Preakness.

The visitor wasn't eating much and Mrs. Jacobs mentioned it.

"I'm the type," said the visitor, "who will just nibble all day and then load up on peanut butter at bedtime."

"I was reading," said Patrice, "that President Kennedy will go into the kitchen late at night and fix himself a peanut-butter sandwich."

Hirsch Jacobs gave no hint of what he might be thinking, but it was entirely possible that he was turning over in his mind the idea of feeding peanut butter to horses. It is well known that he believes what is good for humans is quite often likely to be good for horses and vice versa. He treats cases of cuts and bruises in the family with horse remedies. Once he cured a troublesome corn on his foot with white iodine and immediately used it successfully to heal a sore spot on the leg of a horse. Veterinarians who go by the book are often

bewildered by some of Jacobs' improvisations in treating horses. "Why are you doing that?" the vets will frequently ask. "Because it works," Jacobs usually replies.

After dinner John Jacobs showed some films from the family library. There was Styxie winning his greatest race, the Gold Cup at Belmont in 1947, and Patrice's Hail to Reason winning his last race before breaking down in a workout, the \$135,065 World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City.

After the Hail to Reason film, the talk turned to the great colt who, experts agree, would have been a prime contender for the Triple Crown this year. Mrs. Jacobs recalled the awful day when John called from the barn and sobbed, "Hail's broken down and he'll never race again." When Mrs. Jacobs broke the news to Patrice, she started to cry and couldn't stop for two days. Tommy, in the Army at Fort Knox, Ky. got the news in a telegram from Patrice and he cried "For the first time since I was 5 years old."

"He was the greatest horse I ever had," said Hirsch Jacobs.

Before the Kentucky Derby this year the entire family made a pilgrimage to Lexington, Ky., where Hail to Reason is at stud, just to pay a social call on him. "He knew me," said Patrice. "Maybe not at first, but he did when I started to feed him sugar."

Patrice doesn't cry about Hail to Reason any more. A naturally optimistic young woman, normally bubbling over with her enthusiasm, she has fixed her mind now on his future as a great sire. "I've named a horse Looking Forward," she says, "because that's what we're all doing, just looking forward to Hail's sons and daughters."

Deep in his lounge chair, Hirsch Jacobs reached into his inside coat pocket and drew out a plastic envelope containing a few typewritten sheets listing all the horses (about 215) in the Bieber-Jacobs empire, which has outposts in Kentucky, California, Virginia and Florida. "This is my office," he said, holding up the plastic case, which once had contained a pair of Patrice's slippers. "This and what I carry around in my head." Jacobs has a real office in Barn 8

*continued*

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The Jacobses line up for a family portrait on the loading chute at Stryker Manor. (from left) Hirsch, his wife Ethel, son John, daughter Patrice and son Tommy.

#### JACOBS-BIEBER *continued*

at Aqueduct. It is paneled and nicely furnished, but the only time he goes near it is to make a telephone call or get a pair of galoshes on sloppy mornings.

Hirsch Jacobs contemplated the list, then returned the envelope to his pocket and yawned—as horses and humans should do after an honest day's effort. If he could hold out, he would stay up for the 11 o'clock news on television but certainly no later. For he would be up at 6, breakfast on two uncooked prunes, stick an apple in his pocket and drive to the track with John and Tommy by 7. Once there, he would bustle about, barking orders, praising some of the help, reprimanding others, hurrying out to stand at the rail, stop watch in hand as exercise boys breezed selected horses. If the track was fast, he would take a ruled pencil from his pocket, poke it down to measure the cushion. If the track was too hard, he might scratch a horse he had planned to run.

It would be a day in some ways like any other, in some ways like no other day before. In August the scene would shift to Saratoga, in the late fall Hirsch and Ethel Jacobs would go to California for the racing at Santa Anita, and John would take a string of horses to Florida. Patrice and Tommy would divide their time between the East and West. There would be many a trip to the winner's circle for Patrice and her mother, for, as sure as sunrise, Hirsch Jacobs will race his horses more than he works them and almost certainly win, as always, a little oftener than anybody else.

The following evening Colonel Isidor Bieber, comfortable in slacks and sport shirt, sat in the book-lined study of his house, a few blocks away from the Jacobs' home in Forest Hills. The visitor was back with a fresh notebook. He had emptied his pockets of cigarettes down at the corner, and his cheeks bulged with fragrant cough drops to

cover his smoker's breath. It had been made clear to him, by intimates of Bieber, that the colonel would refuse to talk to a man who fouled the air of his study with tobacco in any form.

"Where were we?" said the colonel. When he was reminded, he said, "I went into the Army in World War I as a private and came out as a private. I got to be a colonel back in the 1930s. Hirsch and I were in Miami with our good friend, Damon Runyon. We had just won an important stake and, after the race, the governor of Florida—Schultz, Sholtz, some name like that—came down to the winner's circle to present the trophy."

The colonel paused and let his eyes run over his bookshelves. They contained the works of Shakespeare, Dickens, W. Somerset Maugham, Cervantes, Lin Yutang, Dostoevsky and a paperback edition of *Man Against Himself* by Karl Menninger.

"Now," continued the colonel, "I've got to give you a little background on the situation. At the time I was quite a well-known character along Broadway. But I had this nickname. They called me Kid Bieber. I hated it. I think it was Mark Twain who said nicknames are the invention of the devil.

"Well, I got this nickname of Kid Bieber as a result of a scrap I had with a certain private detective, a house dick, I believe, named Paddy McDonald. I forget what the argument was about, but anyway he took a poke at me in the lobby of the Grand Opera House on 23rd Street. I didn't hit him back then and there. I wouldn't stoop to such undignified conduct in a theater lobby. But I informed this bum McDonald that I would be pleased to meet him on the Hudson River docks later that night.

"Well, a big crowd showed up on the docks to see the fight. I gave McDonald the shellacking of his life. Some freelance reporter was there and he phoned in the story to the *New York Journal*. Next day the paper came out and told all about the big fight between Paddy McDonald and Izzy (Kid) Bieber."

He was silent a moment.

"Well, there I was," he continued, "in the winner's circle with Hirsch Jacobs, Damon Runyon and the governor of Florida—saddled with the nickname of

Kid Bieber. "And then I got this sudden inspiration. I leaned over and whispered to Runyon, 'Damon, ask the governor to make me a colonel on his staff. If I'm a colonel, maybe people won't call me Kid Bieber any more.' Runyon got the idea, and after the ceremony was over he put the question to Governor Schultz or Sholtz or whatever, and the governor said he'd be happy to oblige."

"Did people stop calling you Kid along Broadway?"

"Some did, some didn't. The damnable nickname still pops up every now and then. They even had it in *The New York Times* a few weeks ago."

The colonel was asked about his reputation along Broadway as a man who was very good with his dukes in the old days. There is a story that Johnny Broderick, the tough Broadway cop, threatened to punch him in the nose and he looked Broderick in the eye and said, "You do that, Broderick, and I'll just give you a receipt."

The colonel looked at the visitor sharply.

"Where did you get that information?"

"At the Paddock Bar and Grill on Broadway, the place you and your brother Herman used to own."

The colonel nodded. "I sold out my interest to Herman. I used to go in there every evening, but too many people began touching me for fives and tens. I got tired of it and sold out. Herman got out of it himself later on."

"Well, how about Broderick?"

"They've misquoted me," said the colonel. "As I recall it, I ran into Broderick while I was operating as a ticket broker outside the six-day bike races at Madison Square Garden. Broderick came up to me and made some remark about punching me. I don't recall saying anything about giving him a receipt. I believe I just invited him to go ahead and punch me and see what happened."

"I remember one occasion though," the colonel said, after a moment, "when I tangled with George Considine, the owner of the Metropole Bar, which was then at 42nd Street and Broadway. I gave him a pretty good beating."

"Do you remember," said the visitor cautiously, "what that fight was about?"

"Matter of principle," said the colo-

nel, "involving a girl." He glanced up at his bookshelves again.

"The world is my country," he said, "to do good is my religion. Thomas Paine said that. I've altered it slightly. I say, 'The U.S. is my world, to do good is my religion.'"

"I gather from the names of your horses, Colonel," the visitor said, "that you see reason and brotherhood as the hope of the world. There was the great horse Hail to Reason and the other one called Reason Is One, so on and so forth. And, as you've just said, doing good is your religion—in other words, brotherhood for one and all."

The colonel frowned, ordering his thoughts.

"Generally speaking, yes," he said.

"But of course there are some bastards around the race tracks a mother couldn't love. I named a horse Modern Iago—Iago was the villain in *Othello*, in case you don't know Shakespeare—and that was my way of expressing my contempt for a certain character I won't mention by name. There was another bum who was always borrowing money from me and never paying it back. I named a horse Itching Palm after him. After all I did for him, that fellow has gone out of his way to rap me. It puts me in mind of what Desaieli said: 'If you want to be popular and well-liked, never do anything for anybody.'"

"On the positive-thinking side," said the visitor, "I've noticed you've supported the cause of Israel since the country was founded. You had horses named Palestinian, Promised Land and Forgotten Ally. I believe Humane Lender was named in honor of Prime Minister Ben-Gurion. This all interests me particularly because I've been to Israel myself."

"Is that so?" said the colonel. "Did you see the mount where Moses was supposed to have received the Ten Commandments?"

"No, I missed that."

"Well, let me ask you this," said the colonel. "What evidence do we have that Moses didn't make up the Ten Commandments himself?"

"I never thought of that."

"Well, think about it," said the colonel. "Were there any witnesses? No. Would Moses' story hold up in a court of law today? I doubt it. The judges

would say, 'Where's your evidence?'"

"You haven't made that point with a horse name, have you, Colonel Bieber?"

"No," he said, "and I don't intend to. It's too touchy a subject."

The colonel has been obliged to make one conspicuous change in his foreign policy. During the last war he had horses running under the names of Russian Valor and Russian Action. "The Russians were our allies then," he explained. "When they showed their true character after the war I gave my opinion of Stalin with a horse named Champion Liar. I also wrote a letter to Charles Wilson, the Secretary of Defense, stating that, in my opinion, Russia was pulling the biggest bluff in history. He wrote me a nice letter back."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was absolutely correct."

The colonel has always been opposed to the rearming of Germany. He named one horse Nothurdchance, referring, of course, to giving Germany a third chance to start a war. "General Jan Smuts said a rearmed Germany was more dangerous than Russia," he said.

"And I believe Field Marshal Montgomery goes along with that view. I named a horse Hail Montgomery, and I named a horse Remember History to hammer home the thought. Wasn't it George Santayana who said, 'Those who fail to profit by the lessons of history are condemned to relive it?' Oh, people can be blind. I told Bernard Baruch that he and Winston Churchill were guilty of a grave sin of omission. They should have pulled the Gandhi act—in other words, they should have gone on a hunger strike to protest the rearming of Germany. Baruch said I was absolutely correct, but that it was too late to do anything about it now."

The visitor closed his notebook and got up from his chair.

"Colonel," he said as they walked toward the door, "you certainly have some provocative and stimulating ideas."

Colonel Bieber nodded. "I'm smart," he said. "I've got brains. I don't mind saying so. I never did see any point in false modesty."

The colonel's got brains, all right. Brains and Hirsch Jacobs. **END**



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Little League graduate Joey Jay and big league rookie Ken Hunt shot the surprising Cincinnati Reds back into first place. Jay's eighth consecutive win prompted his former boss, Phillies' GM John Quinn, who signed Jay as a 17-year-old, to explain, "It was just a matter of waiting for him to grow up." A ferocious batting surge by Vada Pinson (438 for four weeks) and fine relief work by Winter-Pischer Jim Brosnan helped the Reds win five of seven. The Los Angeles Dodgers continued their hero-a-day routine. When Johnny Podres' arm tightened in his second start after a three-week layoff, Roger Craig stepped in with 7 1/3 innings of one-run relief. Five-hit shutouts by Don Drysdale and Stan Williams also helped. Neither influenza, injuries nor poor pitching could slow the San Francisco Giants, who won six of seven. Seven regulars were out with illness or injury, and Stuffer Sam Jones was sentenced to the bullpen for committing the cardinal sin of blowing one to the Cubs. Complete-game wins by little Bobby Shantz (5 feet 6) and tall Joe Gibbon (6 feet 4) helped Pittsburgh pitching but couldn't solve other problems for the Pirates. World Series hero Bill Mazeroski was benched with a .218 mark. Catcher Hal Smith was hitting .202 and batting champion Duke Groat hit .118 last week. St. Louis Manager Solly Hemus responded to his team's lackluster efforts: "No more poker playing for the Cardinals." "Let 'em talk baseball instead," snapped Solly Seik, there were some bright spots.

Bonus Catcher Tim McCarver, 19, hit .300; Ray Sadecki, 20, beat the Phils, and Stan Mussel, 40, lifted his average to .312. The floundering Milwaukee Braves got a win on Lou Burdette's ninth straight victory at the L.A. Coliseum. Burdette was at a loss to explain his failures at home, however. "My wife's a real good cook, so it can't be that," he said. Elvin Tappe, the Chicago Cubs' head head coach, put pennant Ernie Banks on first base after a journey from shortstop to left field. The move kept Banks' consecutive-game streak alive at 710. Billy Williams took Ernie's left-field spot and hit a grand slam against the Giants for the Cubs' single win. The



**ROOKIE STANDOUTS** Joe Torre of the Braves, Lee Thomas of the Angels hit with power. Each had five HRs; Torre hit .309, Thomas, .302.

or go for short yardage? It's fourth down," said Richards. The grab-bag Washington Senators reached the .500 mark on wins by Dick Donovan (three straight after five losses) and Ed Houghn. Then the Senators slipped when they blew big leads to the surging Boston Red Sox who climbed into fourth place. Slumping Frank Malzone and Jackie Jensen provided some right-handed hitting as the Red Sox won six. The Kansas City Athletics won three games and will long remember one of them. Lew Krause, 18, their \$125,000 bonus pitcher, blanked the Los Angeles Angels 4-0 in his first big league start. Said the worried youngster before the game: "My mother's not here yet. She'll probably arrive just in time to see me leave for the minors." Manager Joe Gordon was touched by Krause's debut. "I almost cried," said Joe. The Angels felt like crying, too. They lost nine in a row. With 10 out of 11, the aged Chicago White Sox were rejuvenated New blood (but not young) added the cause. Warren Hacker, 36, succeeded traded Gerry Staley in the bullpen, and Andy Carey supplied the first semblance of fielding at third base all season. The Minnesota Twins—with Manager Cooke Lavagetto back at work—won two games in a row for the first time in a month. "I'm tired of explaining away losses," said Lavagetto, "I just want to win."

## THE SEASON

BEST		WORST	
Batting (NL)	Mark Felt .263	Atwood Mel 212	
Batting (AL)	Clark Del .268	Wolfe Ben 216	
Most runs	Mathews .941 17	Walt LA 0	
Most hits	(1 per 12 AB)	(per 127 AB)	
Home run	Mays NY 25	Fixe Cle 0	
Errors (NL)	(1 per 56 AB)	Quesada Phil 3-8	
Pitching (NL)	Kosciusko LA 5-2	Gale, NY 4-0	
Pitching (AL)	Ford NY 18-2	Finned Phil 2	
Complete games (NL)	Mohrman Phil 8	(in 14 starts)	
Complete games (AL)	Lary Del 10	Ramos, Maa 2	
	(in 14 starts)	(in 14 starts)	

Philadelphia Phils could win only one of six games, but the night side of the infield, First Baseman Pancho Herrera and Second Baseman Tony Taylor, showed signs of hitting after poor starts.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

The New York Yankees cooled down the fired-up Indians, taking two out of three in Cleveland. Ralph Terry's gritty, 11-inning 3-2 win was the crucial game. Said Terry, who has switched from bubble gum to tobacco at 25, "This kind of chewing relaxes me." Then the New Yorkers moved to Detroit. More than 100,000 turned out for two night games at Tiger Stadium and the Tigers reversed the routine. First Detroit trimmed the Yanks 4-2 behind rookie Phil Regan's six-hitter. Cleve Boyer's hero-forge magic glove at third base failed him two errors in two innings) and Roger Maris made two errors on a single play. The next night the Yankees hit four home runs, scored 10 runs—and lost 12-10. A disappointing home stand (eight losses in 12 games) left the Baltimore Orioles worried. Manager Paul Richards seemed to think the team was in the wrong sport. "Shall we per t

## RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Team Runs Produced
Braves SF (311)	48	77
Cards SF (283)	35	66
Boys SF (306)	40	75
Redskins Cin (280)	38	65
Pirates Cin (276)	33	64
Twins Cin (270)	34	60
Batting Phil (314)	43	63
Braves LA (266)	33	62
Pirates Cin (262)	30	62

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Team Runs Produced
Cards Del (265)	45	84
Mantle NY (250)	54	78
Columbo Del (249)	54	77
Kelley Del (248)	46	77
Mays NY (237)	47	75
Power Cleve (235)	36	74
Ward Del (227)	48	72
Belts Del (202)	34	65

\* Derived by subtracting RBI from RBIs

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	2.81	2.81	2.81	2.81	2.81
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55
LA Pines	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55	2.55

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Del Moss	2.42	Banning	3.40	Lary	3.50
Cle Hawkins	3.59	Gast	2.87	Pony	2.68
NY Stafford	2.45	Ford	3.27	Terry	3.18
LA Mohr	1.72	Holt	2.27	Brown	3.09
Walt Moskowitz	2.88	Dalton	3.96	Conley	4.20
Walt Donovan	2.59	Danals	3.40	McLean	2.56
RC Archer	3.20	Buss	3.49	Wardell	2.80
Cle Prince	3.71	Mohr	3.84	Wynn	2.84
Ham Kralak	3.29	Pascual	3.44	Rat	4.35
LA Hoffman	2.73	Gra	3.58	Moeller	4.87

Derived courtesy of the Baseball Writers' Association of America

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## IN HARNESS

Sirs:

One of the finest exhibitions of reporting I have ever read (*Sleep Tangles with the Boys*, June 5). Everyone in Pennsylvania harness racing should realize the position in which they have been placed and do everything in their power to expel all politics from racing and place the integrity of racing on a plane above reproach.

Mr. Sheppard has proven that he has the knowledge, honesty, integrity and devotion to do an outstanding job in administering the sport. Should harness racing and Mr. Sheppard lose this battle, it will be a sorrowful fiasco in Pennsylvania.

FRIS JENKINS  
General Manager,  
Western Harness Racing Assn.  
Hollywood

Sirs:

This exposé should awaken the American public.

H. J. BULGREN, M.D.  
Eastland, Texas

Sirs:

In all the publications devoted exclusively to harness racing there never was a more enlightening nor comprehensive article published (*How to Enjoy a Trotting Race*, May 29). You should be proud.

JAMES B. JOHNSON JR.  
Kensington, Md.

## U.F.L.

Sirs:

Thanks very much for your story on the United Football League (*Scorecard*, June 12).

This is another example of the sports-mindedness of the citizens of Ohio. As you know, we are preparing for an all-Ohio world series between Cincinnati and Cleveland.

We appreciate the reminder that football is just around the corner.

MICHAEL V. DESALLE,  
Governor  
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Even though you wounded the toddling United Football League slightly with a TV job, your brief mention of new minor grid circuit was highly appreciated. Tune in next year, check damage made by TV.

TOM KERS  
Columbus, Ohio

## PRESIDENTIAL TURF

Sirs:

To add to your editorial on presidential track fans (*Scorecard*, June 12), Jeanne Holliman in *American Sports* (1785-1815) says Madison once owned part of a race



JOCKEY JACKSON ON A FAVORITE MOUNT

horse. Jefferson couldn't get his riding horse to pass a race track. John Quincy Adams and Martin Van Buren once attended a race track together. Grant was a racing fan.

JACK LEVEL  
Elmhurst, N.Y.

• And Andrew Jackson, whom we mentioned, was not only a trainer but an enthusiastic gentleman-jockey who rode his own horses back in Tennessee.—E.D.

## YE GODS

Sirs:

I enjoyed the article by Rex Lardner on the Kansas City Athletics (*Charlie Finley and Bugs Bunny in K.C.*, June 5) for the way it was written, but I hated it for what it means to professional baseball.

As president of a Little League, I think pro ball and Ford Frick should be ashamed of themselves.

Candidly, I can see no difference between a 12-year-old who aspires to a Big League

future and those who have made the Big Leagues except time, experience and money. All right. So the Little Leaguer should not have stars in his eyes. He should not plan on playing good, clean league ball. He should look forward to some club owned by a "self-made millionaire businessman" who is using a fine tradition as a showpiece for his egotism. He should look forward to "Bugs Bunny" delivering new bills to the place umpire. Oh, ye gods! What a travesty on our National Pastime.

J. M. LOCHARY  
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

The hidden ball dispenser and the plate cluster were first installed by Bill Veack at Comiskey Park early last season. If I'm not mistaken, it's fortunate that K.C. hasn't installed an exploding scoreboard or you might have credited Finley with that invention too.

How about finding an owner who comes up with a team that plays interesting baseball? That would be a real innovation.

ROBERT ROSENBERG  
Sausalito, Calif.

Sirs:

At last you let baseball fans know that the game exists in Kansas City.

RON HOLBROOK  
Moberly, Mo.

## BIOLOGY

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article and photographs, particularly the photographs (*Jays of a June Week*, June 12). It is nice to know that after all the summit conferences, space shots, freedom riding, tractor dealing and foreign aiding we can still enjoy a bit of biology.

R. W. JOHNSON, D.V.M.  
Mission, Ohio

## PREDATORS

Sirs:

I am appalled at the prospect of public hunting in Yellowstone Park (*Let's Agree at Abilene*, June 5). Let the public hunt in this national park, and these are some of the results which are sure to follow: 1) irreparable damage to Yellowstone's thermal areas wherever hunters cross them; 2) greater numbers of big game animals other than elk—particularly grizzly bears; 3) disappearance of game animals from areas where the public has had opportunity to view



them as it has in no other national park.

My personal opinion is that the hunters bringing pressure on park officials are simply greedy for an opportunity to hunt in the nation's finest wildlife refuge. They *must* not be permitted to do so.

DONALD C. STEWART

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.

Sirs:

I am surprised that no mention is made of another aspect of the problem, that of the lack of predators. Mountain lions and wolves, although protected inside the parks, range widely and once outside a park are not only unprotected but, I believe, persecuted by a federal bounty. Just as hawks are still wrongly regarded by many people as pests, lions and wolves are hunted down relentlessly by professional hunters. At the rate these animals are disappearing the hunters will soon have to be employed to shoot the small rodents, deer, etc. that will multiply faster and faster. Lions live almost exclusively on large hoofed mammals and, although their preservation would obviously not prove a complete solution to the problem at this stage of the game, it would certainly contribute substantially. This was nature's answer to the problem, why not let it at least help? My bet is that encouragement of these predators would in a few years reduce the problem to proportions that could easily be handled by rangers.

JEWETT COLL III

Memphis

VR000H

Sirs:

Well, it seems as if Jack Brubham wasn't the only man at the "500" after all.

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## PAT ON THE BACK



JAKE ABBOTT

## Where the girls are

For three years Coach Jake Abbott, a former pitcher for Santa Barbara in the California League, had a championship team at Roosevelt High in Fresno. The only trouble was no one came to see it play. "I guess we didn't average 50 people a game," says Abbott. So to beef up attendance Abbott tried an old device. If Roosevelt's prettiest girls came to the games, he reasoned, so would everyone else. To get things started he formed a baseball club and began holding classes for the girls during school lunch hour to teach them the game.

"At first," he recalls, "most of those who attended had boy friends on the

team, but things changed almost overnight. The girls became interested in baseball, particularly in learning how to keep score." Before he knew it, Abbott had 100 students. The girls purchased special jerseys to wear at the games, raised money for trips with the team, took over running the concessions, taking tickets and operating the scoreboard. Attendance rose to more than 3,000.

All of which made everyone happy—everyone, that is, except Abbott's team. Apparently, having so many attentive girls around just makes them nervous. "They keep telling us," says Club President Pat Talbert, "not to cheer so loud."



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But why they did not decide to adopt its

sun-roof is a mystery.

This not only lets sun warm the passengers and breezes fan them. It also allows room to carry tall things like an 8 ft. wardrobe or flag-pole. They stand up through the roof.

It's a funny thing about the VW wagon.

Most people who start out saying it looks like a bus, end up calling it a bus.

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